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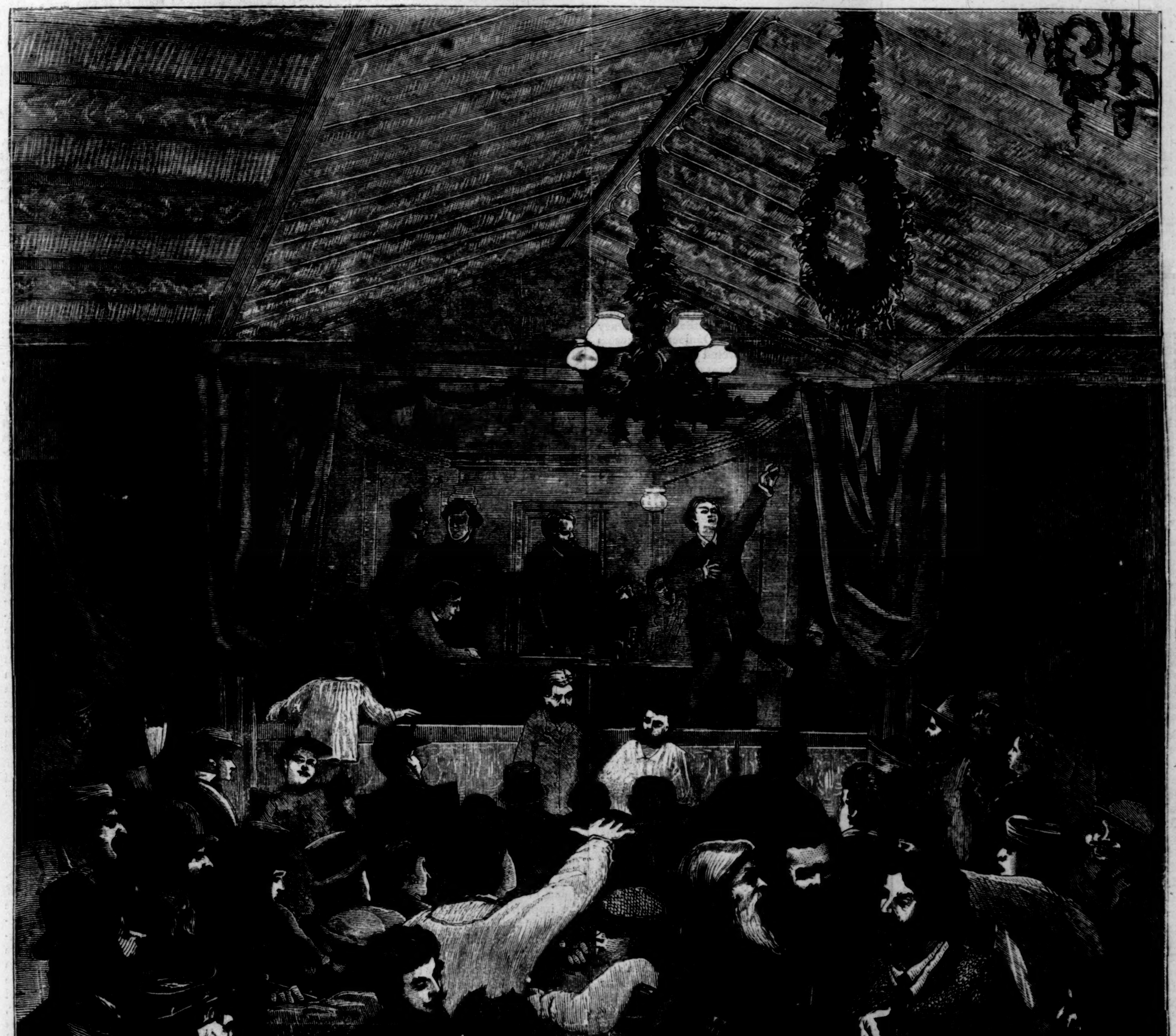


MEETING OF A RED REPUBLICAN CLUB IN PARIS.—[SEE PAGE 363.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, April 22, 1871.

☞ *Harper's Bazar for April 29 (No. 17) contains a full and very interesting account of the* Marriage of the Princess Louise to the Marquis of Lorne, *illustrated with fine* Portraits, *and pictures of the* Bridal Party, *the* Wedding-Cake, *and the splendid* Bridal Presents.

☞ *The continuation of* Charles Reade's *powerful Story,* "A Terrible Temptation," *commenced in* Harper's Weekly *for March 1, will be found in our present Number.*

☞ *The* SUPPLEMENT *to this Number of* Harper's Weekly *contains a very interesting sketch of the late* Mrs. Nathaniel Hawthorne, *with Portrait; an illustrated account of* English Schools for the People; *portraits of the* Princess Louise *and the* Marquis of Lorne; *and a large and varied amount of interesting reading matter.*

THE POLITICAL PROSPECT.

If the election in New Hampshire showed some apathy upon the part of those who usually support the Republican party, the election in Connecticut shows as distinctly that the indifference is checked. And the reason is evident. The people of this country, who maintained the government during the war, have not forgotten their work, and do not mean to relinquish its results. They cherish no vindictive feeling, but they are not fools. While their own party leaders sometimes displease them, so that they show their disapproval by letting an election go by default, the moment the enemy reveals his spirit and purpose, they spring to their feet. In 1865–66 Andrew Johnson was apparently seriously demoralizing the Republican party. But the massacres in New Orleans and Memphis distinctly revealed the character of the opposition, and the consequences of Democratic success; and from that moment the Republican dominance was substantially assured.

There has been a corresponding situation within the last few months. There is, indeed, fortunately, no Andrew Johnson; but there have been difficulties and divergences of many kinds, and jealousies and imbittered feelings, until there seemed to be serious disorder among Republicans. There were doubts and questions and gloomy anticipations, and the New Hampshire election occurring in the midst of them all was hailed by the Democratic party as the sign of a fatal breach, or the rising of "a tidal wave." We ventured to say of it, however, that it might prove to be an advantage, by leading Republicans to a better mutual understanding. And that this will be its result we have now no doubt. For the same general restlessness and uncertainty which lost that election to the friends of the Union and good government, quickened the spirit of the Southern Democracy, which has naturally always been the controlling element of the Democratic party, and within a month the country has had a prophetic vision of the inevitable results of renewed Democratic ascendency.

It has seen in the Southern States men and women, whose offense is their color, or their fidelity to the Union and to the government, harried and murdered. This disorder, occasioned by Democrats and leveled at Republicans, has swelled to the proportions of insurrection, so that Congress and the country could not be deaf to the cries of citizens outraged and slain that others might be kept from the polls, and Democratic majorities assured by a reign of terror. In the midst of these events the country has also seen Jefferson Davis suddenly conspicuous, and in a public speech declaring that the lost cause might yet be won. Mr. Linton Stephens, brother of Alexander H. Stephens, and a respected Democratic leader in his section, demands at Augusta the overthrow of all the reconstruction acts, and "a readjustment of our institutions upon renewed constitutions." Leading Democratic newspapers in the Southern States loudly echo and applaud the demand, and accept the New Hampshire election as a sign that the work of the war may be undone. The most representative of these papers remind their readers that the last National Democratic Convention declared the reconstruction acts "unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void," and claim that they are not less so now; and that they must, of course, be the issue in 1872.

While thus the country sees that the declaration of the Democratic party in the Southern States is for overthrowing the great settlements of the war, it perceives also that the Tammany Ring, supreme in the Democratic party of New York, and aiming to grasp the National Government, confirms the monstrous fraud of the Erie bill, which strikes at the most vital right of the control of property; repeals the Registry law, to make cheating at the polls more practicable; and in the city of New York assumes powers so imperially absolute that the better men even of its own party protest. Gaining power in Missouri, the Democratic party sends General Blair to the Senate upon his Brodhead letter as a platform—the letter which appeals to civil war, advising the use of the army to undo reconstruction; and from his seat in the Senate he writes to a Southern Democratic editor that the issue in 1872 should be the reversal of all the settlements; and that by a Democratic success "all the contrivances by which the Radicals have sought to trammel the people, and fortify themselves in power, can thus be effectually swept away."

Meanwhile the Democratic declaration that the reconstruction acts are unconstitutional, revolutionary, and void remains. No State convention has withdrawn assent to such a statement; no authoritative leader of the Democratic party has yet announced his entire acquiescence in reconstruction. The *World*, indeed, quotes Mr. Fernando Wood! But Mr. Wood's declarations carry no weight, and inspire no respect. It quotes Mr. John Quincy Adams. But Mr. Adams sneeringly says of the party which he has lately joined, that it must begin by being Democratic—that is to say, it must discard all its policy and all its leaders. The Mobile *Register* is a much sounder and more generally accepted authority in the Democratic party than Mr. Adams, and the *Register* insists that reconstruction is the issue. Nor can the *World* be accepted as an authority in its party. It opposed repudiation in 1868, but repudiation was put into the Democratic platform. It favored Mr. Chase, but Mr. Seymour was nominated. It advised the abandonment of General Blair, and it was heartily cursed by its party. It opposed the Erie bill, and its Governor signed it, and its party has adopted it. It declared war against the Ring, and the Ring silenced it. The *World* has advocated the policy which its party has steadily rejected; and the deprecatory tone of its article upon General Blair's position, and its confession that "the Southern Democracy" is seriously divided upon the substantial issue for 1872, reveal its consciousness that the issue is a foregone conclusion.

Nor will any one who observes closely doubt it. If the Democratic party had carried Connecticut, as it did New Hampshire, it could not long have concealed that its national policy is reaction. Its convention would have been more absolutely mastered by the Southern Democracy than it was in 1868. The Democratic success would have been interpreted as a repudiation of the Republican settlement of the war. The facts, therefore, upon which good citizens must decide their action in 1872 are already evident. The Democratic party is the organization of all the elements of reaction, disorder, discontent, and revolution. The same spirit which compelled even its first convention after the war to denounce reconstruction, and to declare stealthily for repudiation, and which now ravages loyal sections with the Ku-Klux, and demands an entire reconsideration of all that has been accomplished, would certainly refuse to pay the pensions of loyal soldiers, or would demand an equal payment of rebel claims. The prospect of Democratic success is one of endless confusion, alarm, aud anarchy. The passions of slavery and of the war are smouldering, not extinguished fires. Whatever criticisms may be made of certain details of Republican administration, its general success, the profound confidence that it is both honest and economical, and that the government of the Union is safer in the hands of its proved friends than it possibly can be in those of all its enemies of every kind, are more than enough to commend that administration to the heartiest support of all good citizens.

The vague talk of certain Democrats about "dead issues" need deceive no one. The very issues that are described as dead by the feeble Northern wing of that party are vehemently declared to be the most vital of all by the controlling Southern element. Indeed, the force of the Democratic party has always been with its Southern wing, not only because of the greater general ability of its Southern leaders, but because the great policy of the party was a Southern interest. The Northern leaders have no policy to replace that of slavery, while the only positive movement in the party at this moment is that which is pressed by General Blair and the Southern leaders, the effort to overthrow reconstruction. Let the Democratic party begin by being Democratic, sneers Mr. John Quincy Adams, who clearly sees that the party he has joined is the party of privilege, of a class, of a section, and not the party of liberty, Union, and the people.

It is because we believe the situation is suddenly clear to the honest and loyal people of the United States that we also believe they will now fall into line and move unitedly forward to victory. They have perfect faith in the honesty of the Administration, and they know that dissenters have now expressed their differences and dissatisfactions. They will not, indeed, hesitate yet to do so; but every man who comprehends the disasters sure to follow Democratic control of the government will insist that Republican criticisms of our own party shall be friendly, and not helpful to the common enemy; for it is only by friendly criticism that the party policy is made truly wise. To all that we have done and are doing let us add a general amnesty, that the intelligent classes who are disfranchised may have an interest in the preservation of order. A little sagacity assures our triumph. And it is not party prejudice—it is the perception of an obvious situation and a simple calculation of probabilities which assure every thoughtful man that the continued ascendency of the Republican party is indispensable to the peace and consequent prosperity of the country.

CITY REFORM.

We hope that all good citizens in the country will observe that if the city of New York is subject to the most despotic rule, there are plenty of its best citizens who vehemently and eloquently protest. The great meeting of voters and tax-payers of both parties at the Cooper Institute was a most imposing and significant demonstration. On the very day of the meeting, although the Ring pushed two of the most offensive of its measures through the Senate of the State, it had felt the rising blast of honest public indignation, and somewhat modified its action to conform. The annual expense under the Water bill—the law which gives Mr. Tweed unlimited discretion to buy water supplies for the city—was limited to one million of dollars, instead of the five millions which he proposed; and the Tax Levy bill—the law which gives four men, of whom Mr. Tweed is one, supreme power over the distribution of the money raised by taxes in the city—was amended by a provision that no money should be paid to sectarian schools.

Does any body suppose that these modifications would have been made except for the vigorous criticism and exposure of the scope of these bills? Or does any body imagine that the hand of the Ring would ever be stayed unless that constant exposure continued? It was to the profoundest feeling that the power of the Ring, both in bribing and bullying to silence and in sophisticating honest minds, is becoming not only formidable, but threatening to the public peace, that the great meeting of protest is due. Mr. Evarts showed that we were now brought face to face with the fact that the poor were taxed to make the rich richer, and with the corruption which, tainting the ballot, leads straight to civil war. If, for instance, a Presidential election were decided by the vote of New York, and the country knew that vote to be fraudulent, as it was in 1868, the country would not submit. And he very truly and forcibly added that this was a subject which had already a vital interest for the country. There is no doubt of it. The superstition that we are a nation beyond the reach of the causes which have convulsed other nations has been forever disproved by the war. Human nature is here what it is every where, and American human nature is of the intelligent kind that will not patiently submit to have its lawfully expressed will baffled by vulgar fraud. Unless, therefore, the corruption which infects the very sources of government in this State can be corrected, the result is inevitable.

Mr. Beecher pleaded for the perfect religious freedom of the common schools, to be maintained by forbidding sectarianism of every kind; and Dr. Bellows urged the duty of the intelligent classes to take trouble and responsibilities, and make sacrifices for the benefit of the whole. The meeting was most earnest and spirited. It represented the men whose judgment really directs public opinion, and if they can not direct it to a reform of the system which is now supreme in this city, the future is very threatening. "It is no longer a matter of pride," Mr. Evarts said, "to be a New Yorker; it is a matter of deep disgrace to be a New Yorker, if New Yorkers can not save themselves from the infamy in which they are now submerged." The meeting was remarkable, also, for the co-operation of men of both parties. For indeed, as Judge Barrett said, it was a matter of common concern, and the rising of intelligent public sentiment against the imperial Ring would be like that of the people after Sumter.

The most absurd comment upon such a meeting is that it is too late. The orators, it is said, were silent a year or two ago, when something might have been done. But with whom? With a State Senator who, on the very evening of the meeting, was defending the Ring's tax levy at Albany, and with a newspaper which could only gibe feebly at the meeting the next morning! It really seems to be pardonable not to have trusted that kind of society and leadership. But it is never too late to move for reform. The despair which surrenders, and thanks Heaven things are no worse; the timidity which tries to think that it isn't much of a shower; the cynicism which sneers at all high hope and generous effort; the folly which thinks all is well if there are only a few signs of improvement in details; the blindness which can not see a fatal peril because the system is smooth; the corrupt will that means to have its way—these are the foes of liberty and progress and civilization every where, and it is over these that every reform always marches.

Of course the speaking must be followed by acting. There must now be a vigorous organization, and the leaders of the meeting must submit to a great deal that is distasteful, and take a great deal of trouble. They propose to do precisely what the Citizens' Association proposed to do, and has conspicuously failed to accomplish; for the absolute triumph of the Ring in New York is signalized by the approval of the Citizens' Association, and by employing its most active member. If nothing follows the meeting, the moral to the country, of which we began by speaking, will be that good citizens are content with merely protesting—a conclusion which will only strengthen the Ring.

THE SAN DOMINGO MESSAGE.

The message of the President, accompanying the Report of the San Domingo Commission, has made the most favorable impression upon the country. It is the simple statement of a man in whose honesty there is entire confidence, and with whose judgment the report offers the strongest evidence of sympathy. The President briefly recounts the circumstances under which his attention was drawn to the subject of annexation. His function is that of initiation, and he believed that his evident duty was to negotiate a treaty, and to leave its ratification to the proper authority. But as a cloud of personal aspersion obscured the whole subject as soon as it was made public, and, as he thought, seriously affected the action of the Senate, it seemed to him most desirable, as well as just to those who had been accused, that a Commission of the highest character should investigate the whole subject, and report through him to the country. Congress agreed with him, and the Commission has now laid its conclusions before the final tribunal.

And with this result, the President adds, all his personal solicitude upon the subject ends, although his opinion of the advantages of annexation remain unchanged. The final paragraph of the message will, perhaps, be regretted by many persons, and we wish that the President had spared the remark about "disappointed men." But the charges of corruption against him have been so malignant, that it is certainly not surprising that he should have wished to complete the final appeal to the country by a warm declaration of his consciousness of honest purpose. It was not, indeed, necessary, but it was certainly natural; and it will not harm him with the popular heart.

The subject of the annexation of San Domingo is now, as we hoped it would be, left to the country. With this disposition of the matter we hope and we believe that occasion of vehement dissent from the executive action will also disappear, and that Senators, without renouncing any conviction whatever, will remember the paramount necessity to the country of Republican dominance, and the impracticability of that dominance if a friendly spirit does not prevail. We hope that it will not be forgotten that no party in this country can succeed which alienates its best members from hearty co-operation. The tendency has, perhaps, been to be unmindful of this truth, and to forget that what the Republican party needs is the union which comes alone from a comprehensive and progressive policy. Senator Morton speaks truly in saying that the great issue of 1872 will evidently be the maintenance of the Union upon the Republican settlement; but he is less wise in belittling civil service reform and in not seeing what an element of strength to the party a positive policy upon that subject would be. For while we maintain the great loyal Republican line against the last sullen assault of baffled slavery, it would be madness to despise the opening and alarming fire of corruption which succeeds it as the national foe. The Republican host should move upon this enemy's works immediately.

VERSAILLES AND PARIS.

If the Thiers Government succeeds in suppressing the present insurrection it will be of the utmost service to the country, for it will be evidence that a Provisional Government representing France can withstand Paris. The movement of which Flourens and Cluseret are leaders is of the kind which has been always most fatal to France, and the only fault of the Thiers authority is that it apparently hesitated so long before striking. There was no hope, there was nothing but anarchy, in the success of the Commune; and if the representatives of order and law could rely upon their force, it should have been used at once. There can be no proper appeal against the Versailles Government as oppressive, because not only is it in its nature merely temporary, but it has shown no intention whatever of absorbing or perpetuating power. It was elected by the whole country, to determine whether peace should be negotiated, and to maintain order while the country was consulted upon the constitution and form of government which it would adopt. The Paris movement is merely an attempt to seize the government of the country against the will of the people.

The question is ostensibly of the government of the city of Paris. But that is a question which can not yet be decided by any competent authority. Paris will be interiorly governed as France shall decide; but France has not yet been consulted upon the subject. There seems to be a school of political philosophers in France, as in this country, who hold that cities have a certain natural right to self-government. The

fatal error of this school is its forgetfulness of the fact that the people who live near each other in a city are only a few of the whole political community, in which the ultimate power properly resides. The city is governed under a charter. But it does not determine its own charter; that is determined by the whole people. It will, indeed, if wisely made, be made in obedience to the great principle of local government in details. But if it be so, it is not because of any "right" inherent in the city, but solely because the political community thinks that such a course is wisest for all.

Thus the riot in Paris is wantonly criminal. Political intelligence, indeed, and political habits, ought not to be expected from Frenchmen; but it might be supposed that even Parisians would understand that a temporary government, just elected by the whole country to open the way for Paris and the rest of France to pronounce upon a permanent system, was not an authority to be overthrown by force. That it is not likely to be is a blessing for France. If the Versailles authority can maintain itself decisively without compromise, and restore order, the confidence which is the indispensable element of peace will return to the country. It may then be fairly assumed that the "Red" element, which is the perpetual terror of France, is not so powerful as has been supposed, and intelligent citizens will be encouraged to devote themselves with hope to the regeneration of their country.

THE SWORD AND THE OLIVE-BRANCH.

The Ku-Klux bill, which has passed the House of Representatives by a strictly party vote, is very little changed from that upon which we commented last week, and for the reasons which we then gave we consider it a profound mistake. The President is authorized at his discretion to decide when the State authority is unable, or refuses, to keep the peace, and when the situation may be deemed a rebellion. Has Congress really measured the scope of such a bill? It is a power which every one knows, indeed, that General GRANT will not abuse, but which might be used to subvert all liberty. It would have been very easy to qualify it; to require, for instance, the certificate of a District Judge of the United States that unlawful combinations obstructed the courts; but the bill provides no restraint whatever upon the executive discretion. There is no excuse for not having made the language of the Fourteenth Amendment so plain as to render misconception impossible.

And now more than ever is amnesty imperative. Mr. DE LONG, a colored representative from South Carolina, cogently declared in the House that while intelligent and influential men are disfranchised they have no interest in maintaining order, and they can not reasonably be expected to support vigorously a system which politically outlaws them. He demanded general amnesty. We observe also that at a recent meeting of Ohio Republicans interested in the Cincinnati declaration both General Cox and Mr. CLARK, a prominent colored Republican, urged, amidst great applause, the necessity and good policy of amnesty. And if the Ku-Klux bill is passed by the Senate the President can do no more signal and sagacious service to the country and to his party than to sign a message strongly recommending general amnesty at the same time that he signs the bill.

THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN.

We call attention to the very important and suggestive letter of Judge REYNOLDS, which we copy, in another part of this paper, from the New York *Times*. It sets forth very clearly the extraordinary conduct of the opponents of Dr. LANAHAN in the matter of the alleged irregularities in the Methodist Book Concern. Since the trial of Dr. LANAHAN was suddenly interrupted he has been the object of a series of most offensive articles, and the attempt to prejudice public opinion against him is manifest. Such a course is as impolitic as it is scandalous. From the first moment that Dr. LANAHAN presented his charges the conduct of the managers of the Book Concern has certainly been suspicious. His statements were simple and direct. He was right, or he was wrong. He took the full responsibility of the disclosure, and if he were shown to have been wrong, the consequences would have fallen heavily, and only upon himself.

What, then, was the obvious and honorable course? What would any honest man, conscious of unjust accusation, have done? He would have challenged the most prompt, peremptory, and thorough investigation. He would have said, "Here are my books; scrutinize them." And he would, above all things, have protested against evasion and equivocation of every kind. Dr. LANAHAN has been always ready to substantiate his charges; and if to-day nothing has been definitely ascertained—if now, toward the close of the second year since his statement was made, the inquiry has been postponed, and the whole subject confused in the public mind, it is not his fault; nor is he to blame for the general impression in the country that the subject will not bear honest investigation.

As we said when the first publication was made, the honor and interest of the denomination imperatively require the most public and conclusive action—and if the confidence of many of the most faithful Methodists has been shaken, if many of them to-day reflect sadly upon all the circumstances of this affair, it is not because Dr. LANAHAN has made charges, but because those charges have not been disproved, and because there is evidently more disposition to abuse him than to show that his charges are unfounded.

The present difficulty is the choice of accountants to examine the books, and Judge REYNOLDS truly says in his letter: "If there is nothing wrong in the Book Concern, any number of men of our selection can not find it, especially when under the control of a chief in whom the other party has such confidence. It is much easier to conceal than to create. Truly Dr. CURRY was right when he said that to outsiders 'it looks very much like a game how not to do it.'" That is, unquestionably, the general verdict. The simple way is the shortest and best; and the Book Concern has made a fatal mistake in the method it has chosen to pursue.

NOTES.

WE find in a Democratic paper an allusion to "the honest frankness which characterizes political discussion among the Southern Democrats." This honest frankness of discussion was formerly illustrated by the hunting, mobbing, riding on rails, tarring and feathering, whipping and hanging, of those who differed from the Democratic view of slavery as the true foundation of free government; and the same honest frankness is manifested now by the Ku-Klux. "It was in this spirit," continues the paper, "that the Democratic party won its great victories in the glorious days of its ascendency, and we are glad to observe that there is nothing inconsistent with this spirit in the recent discussions of the Southern Democratic press." Nothing whatever.

A DEMOCRATIC paper calls General BLAIR, whom it advised its party to throw overboard in 1868, "that stanch defender of the Constitution." His comments upon the Constitution are contained in the BRODHEAD letter, and there are supplementary comments in his letter to the editor of the Montgomery *Mail*, a paper which insists that the Southern Democracy shall force upon the Northern, as the cardinal issue of the Presidential campaign, the question of a white man's government. To this stanch Democratic editor the stanch defender of the Constitution writes, in regard to reopening the question of the validity of the amendments: "The question of whether they went through the forms that entitle them to be put on the statute-books is really an immaterial one." This is precisely the principle which the Democratic friends of this stanch defender of the Constitution apply to elections in the State of New York. The question whether the candidates whom they do not like go through the forms of an election is really an immaterial one. And this kind of defense of the Constitution is called "Conservatism," and its author is a Democratic leader.

How much longer is Paris to be called the "centre of civilization?" In no other city in the world have there been more outrages upon civilization, from the massacre of St. Bartholomew to the shooting of General THOMAS. It is long since students of literature and science have turned elsewhere. The demoralization which made LOUIS NAPOLEON'S empire possible, and of which OFFENBACH'S music is the just expression, does not authorize its chief seat to be called the centre of civilization; nor is that title vindicated by the school of elaborate and unmeaning detail in painting which is the present characteristic of Parisian art. Even Berlin disputes with it the supremacy of dictating fashion, for the *Bazar* of Berlin is the final authority in that department, and the *cuisine* of Vienna is certainly not inferior to that of Paris. It would not be difficult to show that the influence of France upon the thought which is truly civilizing is not so powerful as is often supposed, and that Paris can not justly be called the centre of civilization.

IF the citizens of New York are really unwilling to be represented in the Legislature by such members as the Tammany Ring now selects, and whose character is illustrated by the brutal assault upon Mr. SMITH WEED of Clinton, the substantial tax-payers and men of character must not decline to take an active share in politics. All of them can not always properly consent to be candidates themselves, but they must consent to work early and late, and under very disagreeable circumstances, to secure the nomination of good men who will. The Ring will relieve good citizens of all the trouble of governing themselves, if they choose. But if the intelligent people of all parties wish to have a voice in their own government they must control the primary meetings, and if they can not do that they must vote against the regular nominations. If primary meetings are sure to be mastered by roughs, nominations in the newspapers can be made practicable. Meanwhile what the better rural Democrats have to expect from the Ring may be seen in the treatment of Mr. WEED, who is one of the most intelligent and honorable Democrats in the State. The disgraceful incident in the Legislature comes just in time to emphasize all that was said at the recent meeting of the character and methods of the Tammany Ring.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A COMMUNICATION to the German Society of Anthropology during the past winter invokes the attention of all persons interested in science to the importance of making use of the opportunities for ethnological research furnished by the war between France and Germany; and the author, while acknowledging the difficulty of attending to such matters during the military operations, expresses his earnest hope that every possible effort may be made to secure a good series of the skulls and brains of the African tribes brought by France into the conflict, and especially those of the Turcos. We have not yet heard to what extent this suggestion was heeded by those who had the opportunity.

The government of Costa Rica, convinced that the French project of a ship-canal through her territory and that of Nicaragua is impracticable, has declared null and void the treaty made with Nicaragua for that purpose. In view of this declaration of Costa Rica, the Nicaraguan government has received new propositions from the United States for a canal contract, on which the President congratulates the country in his message to Congress. For the purpose of more thoroughly cementing the good understanding now subsisting between these two Central American countries, the Nicaraguan government has accredited Señor CHAMORO as agent in Costa Rica to consummate a treaty of amity and commerce between the two republics.

Late advices from South America narrate the occurrence of certain curious disturbances in the Pacific Ocean around the guano islands of Guañape. The prevailing winds and currents along the coast of Peru are from the southeast, but on the 6th of February they changed and came from the west, at the rate of six miles an hour. During the day the currents seemed to flow in from all directions, forming multitudes of whirlpools, while the west wind increased so steadily that fear was entertained for the safety of the ships at anchor. This state of things continued throughout the nights of the 6th and 7th, and numerous disasters, fortunately of no great moment, occurred to the vessels in port engaged in loading guano. The precise causes of this phenomenon had not been ascertained at the latest reports from South America, although they undoubtedly are connected with volcanic and earthquake agencies, having their centre either beneath the sea or at some point in the chain of the Andes.

In the course of a critical examination by Professor COPE of certain fossil fishes found on the Green River, in Wyoming, he discovered specimens of a species of *Osteoglossum* of large size, and previously undescribed. A specially interesting feature connected with this discovery lies in the fact that the genus is at present represented by living species in New Zealand, Borneo, and Brazil; but it has not hitherto been found in North America, nor is it any where known as a fossil.

We have already referred to the detection of an ancient bone cave near Phœnixville, Pennsylvania, and about twenty-five miles northwest of Philadelphia, and to the interest which has attached to this discovery. Since our last account Professor COPE has been actively engaged in the investigation of the collection, and already reports the existence of about thirty species of vertebrates, together with numerous plants and insects. All of these, so far as known, are probably of extinct species, although their precise relationships have not yet been fully worked out. Among the reptiles were tortoises and serpents, and of birds there was a turkey and a snipe. The mammals, as Professor COPE anticipated, were most numerous, these including two carnivorous animals of large size, one of them a cat, and the other a bear, previously described by Dr. LEIDY, of a remarkable type, and totally distinct from the cave bear, or any living species of either Europe or America. At least three species of sloths were discovered, mostly of gigantic size, one of them a species of *Megalonyx*, and two of the *Mylodon*. Besides these there were some ruminating animals, tapirs, and a small horse. With the other remains were the teeth and tusks of the mastodon. The fissure in which the bones were found was forty feet deep and fifteen feet wide; the length as yet has not been determined. Above the deposit of bones the cave was filled with washings of the triassic age from the neighboring hills.

The San Francisco papers are calling attention to specimens of fossil ivory brought from Alaska; and parties are said to be about entering upon the business of collecting it on a large scale. This ivory consists of the tusks of the mammoth or fossil elephant (*Elephas primigenius*), the remains of which are extremely abundant in Alaska, but much more so in Siberia, from which latter country, as is well known, an appreciable percentage of all the ivory now used in the arts is obtained.

The College of the City of New York, in Twenty-third Street, shows a commendable desire to increase its means of instruction in natural history, and particularly in the department of osteology, the president having succeeded by unremitting effort in obtaining means to secure quite a large number of specimens, among which may be especially mentioned a large slab of stone containing a well-preserved skeleton of the *Ichthyosaurus*, or fish-like fossil lizard from the lias of Germany. The specimen is about ten feet long, and, from its perfection and excellence of preservation, is justly entitled to consideration.

We some weeks ago called attention to the high scientific value of the collection of objects made by the late Dr. KLEMM, of Dresden, for use in his "History of the Progress of Human Civilization;" and suggested that in its great extent, and in the harmonious exhibition of illustrations of human art and handicraft in every department, it would constitute an important addition to the means of instruction in the city of New York. At the time we wrote the collection was supposed to be still in the market, as it had been offered for some time at a low price without finding a purchaser. An association of parties in Leipsic, however, has finally accomplished its purchase, at a cost of over ten thousand dollars; and has determined to make it the basis of an international anthropological museum, which, it is expected, will be one of the most complete in the world. Contributions from all parts of the globe, and especially from America, are invited by the committee having the matter in charge, and we trust that the appeal will not be in vain.

We are informed by Massachusetts papers that a number of new fish pounds are to be put down in Vineyard Sound during the present season, seven at least being added to those already established. About seventy-five men will be employed, and it is the intention to have a vessel running regularly to New York for the purpose of carrying the fish.

The first fresh shad of the season were said to have been taken in New York Harbor on Wednesday, the 15th of March.

The Observing Astronomical Society of London is desirous of securing systematic observations of the planet Venus during one complete revolution, for the purpose of obtaining results that may enable us to become acquainted with her character. A committee of the society recommends the formation of a sub-committee for making continuous observations of the planet during one complete synodical revolution. They also contemplate the collection of all ancient observations and drawings of the planet, and the gathering of as many modern data as possible from existing observations, and public and private records.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

April 3.—The Senate was occupied in discussing the resolution directing the Judiciary Committee to report measures for the suppression of disorders in the South. A long speech was made thereon by Mr. Blair, of Missouri, who reiterated the charge that the outrages were greatly exaggerated for political effect, and that the Republicans were making a desperate struggle to retain power, and much more of the same sort.—In the House, the debate on the bill reported by Mr. Shellabarger for the enforcement of the Fourteenth Amendment was continued.

April 4.—In the Senate, the resolution directing the preparation of measures for the suppression of disorders in the South was further discussed. Mr. Blair finished his speech, and a vigorous reply was made by Mr. Morton, of Indiana.—In the House, the debate was continued on the bill for the suppression of Ku-Klux outrages. The principal speeches in favor of the bill were made by Mr. Butler, of Massachusetts, and Mr. Coburn, of Indiana.

April 5.—In the Senate, the resolution in regard to disorders at the South was amended, so as to direct the Committee to report as early as practicable, and adopted by a vote of 38 to 12. Subsequently the report of the San Domingo Commissioners, and a message of the President on the same subject, were submitted. After some discussion it was decided that the message and report be printed.—In the House, the bill for the enforcement of the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution was taken up, and the debate continued; but no new arguments or facts were brought forward.

April 6.—In the Senate, the resolution for an investigation of the condition of affairs at the South was taken up. Mr. Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, made a speech in favor of legislation for the protection of life and property. Remarks were also made by Mr. Pratt, of Indiana, after which the Senate adjourned without action.—In the House, the debate on the bill to enforce the Fourteenth Amendment was resumed. After a number of short speeches on each side the previous question was ordered, and Mr. Shellabarger closed the debate with a speech of an hour in length, urging the passage of the bill. A vote was then taken on an amendment striking out the passage giving the President authority to suspend the habeas corpus, which was rejected—yeas 101, nays 105. A motion to reconsider was laid on the table, 113 to 94. After several amendments the bill was passed, under the operation of the previous question, by a vote of 118 to 91.

April 7.—In the Senate, the Ku-Klux bill was received from the House, and referred to the Judiciary Committee. Mr. Morrill made a long speech against the San Domingo scheme. The Senate then took up the concurrent resolution from the House for a joint special investigating committee on the South, and it was passed by a vote of 37 to 12.—The House was not in session.

GENERAL DOMESTIC ITEMS.

The Scranton, Pennsylvania, mining region was the scene of serious disorders on the 6th of April. Hundreds of disaffected miners assembled, and proceeded to attack certain mines where men had gone to work in defiance of the strikers' regulations. Considerable damage was done to the work, but the prompt action of Governor Geary in calling out the militia to protect the threatened property and the working-men prevented bloodshed. The railroads that illegally raised their freight rates on coal from $2 to $6 per ton have been summoned to show cause why their charters should not be forfeited.

Edward H. Rulloff, the Binghamton burglar and murderer, has been resentenced, in accordance with the decision of the Court of Appeals, to be hanged on the 18th of May.

Father Taylor, the venerable minister of the Seamen's Bethel, died at Boston on the 5th of April, at the age of seventy-seven.

The Ohio Legislature has passed a resolution, by a party vote, declaring that in regard to the extension of our borders and the acquisition of territory, as well as every other measure of public concern, they indorsed as sound political wisdom the principles embodied in the declaration of President Grant, that no policy should be enforced against the will of the people.

On the 8th of April Senator Sprague, in behalf of the State of Rhode Island, formally turned over to the Congressional Committee on Public Buildings the statue of Roger Williams, which, some days ago, was placed in the old Hall of Representatives at the Capitol.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THERE has been severe fighting in and around Paris. On the 3d of April the insurgent National Guards marched in great force toward Versailles, but were caught between Fort Valérien and the regular troops, and defeated with severe loss. On the 4th an insurgent redoubt at Chatillon was captured by the government forces, with 2000 prisoners, including General Henry. Flourens is reported to have been killed. On Friday, the 7th, there was another severe struggle, in which the government troops were again victorious. A breach has been made in the ramparts, and at last advices an assault was imminent. The guns of the forts in the hands of the government forces command the principal avenues and streets, and shells have been thrown into the city, for the purpose of overawing the inhabitants. On Sunday, the 9th, there was a conflict among the insurgents themselves, and the attempt of the Commune to make the citizens in general take up arms has thus far failed. A flotilla of gun-boats has been sent up the Seine from Havre to aid the troops. Bismarck is said to be in favor of the restoration of Napoleon.

Baron Tegethoff, the distinguished Austrian Admiral, died at Vienna on the 7th of April.

THE COLUMN OF JULY.

The Place de la Bastille, where in 1789 stood the famous prison fortress, which surrendered to the Paris mob, has since the war been the favorite rendezvous of the Paris radicals and malcontents. Here, indeed, the insurgent National served to be instantaneously executed. Riding in a carriage was also a punishable offense, for who but an aristocrat or a traitor would indulge in such a luxury while his country was in such a state of defeat and distress?

Having nothing particular to do beyond mounting guard over unthreatened guns, and walk- of the Genius of Liberty, holding broken chains in one hand, and the torch of civilization in the other. This statue was the object of especial attention. A red flag was hoisted on the torch, his head was crowned with *immortelles*, and a number of others served as bracelets, armlets, and anklets for the honored genius. The top of from certain death by the courageous intervention of a brother officer. Some sailors, however, determined to take away the red flag, which highly offended their ideas of loyalty, and accordingly they mounted the column, tore down the obnoxious bunting, and wrapped the national tricolor round the figure. This action created

THE RED FLAG ON THE COLUMN OF JULY.

Guards may be said to have held their head-quarters, and woe betide the adventuresome foreigner who wandered into their precincts. A Parisian mob is always a disagreeable and prejudiced element to deal with; but when excited by the watch-word "Liberty," it knows no bounds for its follies and cruelties. Every stranger was in its eyes a Prussian or a spy, and therefore de-

ing about in popular democratic processions, the Reds amused themselves by decorating the Column of July, which in 1840 was erected in the Place de la Bastille to commemorate the combatants in the affair of July, 1830, and where the ashes of those killed in the revolution of February, 1848, were also deposited. The monument is surmounted by a large gilt-bronze figure

the column was also profusely and tastefully decorated with tricolored flags, *immortelles*, and one black banner, to remind the spectator that the decorations were funereal and not festive.

Proud of their work, the radicals wished that due homage should be paid to it, and ordered an officer of Zouaves, who happened to be passing, to salute it. He refused, and was only saved

an immense sensation among the crowd below. "*Nous sommes trahis!*" was shouted in every direction, the sailors were immediately arrested and imprisoned in the cells beneath the column, and the *drapeau rouge* was again hoisted, amidst patriotic cheers. The mob afterward decorated the column with *immortelles*, as shown in the sketch on this page.

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

By CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

"THEN HE ACTUALLY THRUST THE LETTER INTO THE FIRE."

CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

"English!" said Sir Charles. "Then tell me, how did I come here? Where am I?"

"You had a fit, and the doctor ordered you to be kept quiet; and I am here to nurse you."

"A fit! Ay, I remember. That vile woman!"

"Don't think of her: give your mind to getting well: remember, there is somebody who would break her heart if you—"

"Oh, my poor Bella! my sweet, timid, modest, loving Bella!" He was so weakened that he cried like a child.

Miss Somerset rose, and laid her forehead sadly upon the window-sill.

"Why do I cry for her, like a great baby?" muttered Sir Charles. "She wouldn't cry for me. She has cast me off in a moment."

"Not she. It is her father's doing. Have a little patience. The whole thing shall be explained to them; and then she will soon soften the old man. It is not as if you were really to blame."

"No more I was. It is all that vile woman."

"Oh, don't! She is so sorry; she has taken it all to heart. She had once shammed a fit, on the very place; and when you had a real fit there—on the very spot—oh, it was so fearful—and lay like one dead, she saw God's finger, and it touched her hard heart. Don't say any thing more against her just now. She is trying so hard to be good. And, besides, it is all a mistake: she never told that old Admiral; she never breathed a word out of her own house. Her own people have betrayed her and you. She has made me promise two things: to find out who told the Admiral, and—"

"Well?"

"The second thing I have to do— Well, that is a secret between me and that unhappy woman. She is bad enough, but not so heartless as you think."

Sir Charles shook his head incredulously, but said no more; and soon after fell asleep.

In the evening he woke, and found the Sister watching.

She now turned her head away from him, and asked him quietly to describe Miss Bella Bruce to her.

He described her in minute and glowing terms. "But oh, Sister," said he, "it is not her beauty only, but the beauty of her mind. So gentle, so modest, so timid, so docile. She would never have had the heart to turn me off. But she will obey her father. She looked forward to obeying me, sweet dove."

"Did she say so?"

"Yes, that is her dream of happiness, to obey."

The Sister still questioned him with averted head, and he told her what had passed between Bella and him the last time he saw her, and all their innocent plans of married happiness. He told her, with the tear in his eye, and she listened, with the tear in hers. "And then," said he, laying his hand on her shoulder, "is it not hard? I just went to Mayfair, not to please myself, but to do an act of justice—of more than justice; and then, for that, to have her door shut in my face. Only two hours between the height of happiness and the depth of misery."

The Sister said nothing, but she hid her face in her hands, and thought.

The next morning, by her order, Polly came into the room, and said, "You are to go home. The carriage is at the door." With this she retired, and Sir Charles's valet entered the room soon after to help him dress.

"Where am I, James?"

"Miss Somerset's house, Sir Charles."

"Then get me out of it directly."

"Yes, Sir Charles. The carriage is at the door."

"Who told you to come, James?"

"Miss Somerset, Sir Charles."

"That is odd."

"Yes, Sir Charles."

When he got home he found a sofa placed by a fire, with wraps and pillows; his cigar-case laid out, and a bottle of salts, and also a small glass of old cognac, in case of faintness.

"Which of you had the gumption to do all this?"

"Miss Somerset, Sir Charles."

"What, has she been *here?*"

"Yes, Sir Charles."

"Curse her!"

"Yes, Sir Charles."

CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

"LOVE LIES BLEEDING."

Bella Bruce was drinking the bitterest cup a young virgin soul can taste. Illusion gone—the wicked world revealed as it is, how unlike what she thought it was—love crushed in her, and not crushed out of her, as it might if she had been either proud or vain.

Frail men and women should see what a passionate but virtuous woman can suffer, when a revelation, of which they think but little, comes and blasts her young heart, and bids her dry up in a moment the deep well of her affection, since it flows for an unworthy object, and flows in vain. I tell you that the fair head severed from the chaste body is nothing to her compared with this. The fair body, pierced with heathen arrows, was nothing to her in the days of old compared with this.

"'YOU MUST LEND ME THIS FOR A DAY OR TWO.'"

In a word—for nowadays we can but amplify, and so enfeeble, what some old dead master of language, immortal though obscure, has said in words of granite—here

"Love lay bleeding."

No fainting—no vehement weeping; but oh, such deep desolation; such weariness of life; such a pitiable restlessness. Appetite gone; the taste of food almost lost; sleep unwilling to come; and oh, the torture of waking—for at that horrible moment all rushed back at once, the joy that had been, the misery that was, the blank that was to come.

She never stirred out, except when ordered, and then went like an automaton. Pale, sorrow-stricken, and patient, she moved about the ghost of herself; and lay down a little, and then tried to work a little, and then to read a little; and could settle to nothing but sorrow and deep despondency.

Not that she nursed her grief. She had been told to be brave, and she tried. But her grief was her master. It came welling through her eyes in a moment, of its own accord.

She was deeply mortified too. But, in her gentle nature, anger could play but a secondary part. Her indignation was weak beside her grief, and did little to bear her up.

Yet her sense of shame was vivid; and she tried hard not to let her father see how deeply she loved the man who had gone from her to Miss Somerset. Besides, he had ordered her to fight against a love that now could only degrade her; he had ordered, and it was for her to obey.

As soon as Sir Charles was better, he wrote her a long, humble letter, owning that, before he knew her, he had led a free life; but assuring her that, ever since that happy time, his heart and his time had been solely hers; as to his visit to Miss Somerset, it had been one of business merely, and this he could prove, if she would receive him. The Admiral could be present at that interview, and Sir Charles hoped to convince him he had been somewhat hasty and harsh in his decision.

Now the Admiral had foreseen Sir Charles would write to her; so he had ordered his man to bring all letters to him first.

He recognized Sir Charles's hand, and brought the letter in to Bella. "Now, my child," said he, "be brave. Here is a letter from that man."

"Oh, papa! I thought he would. I knew he would." And the pale face was flushed with joy and hope all in a moment.

"Do what?"

"Write and explain."

"Explain? A thing that is clear as sunshine. He has written to throw dust in your eyes again. You are evidently in no state to judge. *I* shall read this letter first."

"Yes, papa," said Bella, faintly.

He did read it, and she devoured his countenance all the time.

"There is nothing in it. He offers no real explanation, but only says he can explain, and asks for an interview—to play upon your weakness. If I give you this letter, it will only make you cry, and render your task more difficult. I must be strong for your good, and set you an example. I loved this young man too; but, now I know him"—then he actually thrust the letter into the fire.

But this was too much. Bella shrieked at the act, and put her hand to her heart, and shrieked again. "Ah! you'll kill us, you'll kill us both!" she cried. "Poor Charles! Poor Bella! You don't love your child—you have no pity." And, for the first time, her misery was violent. She writhed and wept, and at last went into violent hysterics, and frightened that stout old warrior more than cannon had ever frightened him; and presently she became quiet, and wept at his knees, and begged his forgiveness, and said he was wiser than she was, and she would obey him in every thing, only he must not be angry with her if she could not live.

Then the stout Admiral mingled his tears with hers, and began to realize what deep waters of affliction his girl was wading in.

Yet he saw no way out but firmness. He wrote to Sir Charles to say that his daughter was too ill to write; but that no explanation was possible, and no interview could be allowed.

Sir Charles, who, after writing, had conceived the most sanguine hopes, was now as wretched as Bella. Only, now that he was refused a hearing, he had wounded pride to support him a little under wounded love.

Admiral Bruce, fearing for his daughter's health, and even for her life—she pined so visibly—now ordered her to divide her day into several occupations, and exact divisions of time—an hour for this, an hour for that; an hour by the clock—and here he showed practical wisdom. Try it, ye that are very unhappy, and tell me the result.

As a part of this excellent system, she had to walk round the square from eleven to twelve A.M., but never alone; he was not going to have Sir Charles surprising her into an interview. He always went with her, and, as he was too stiff to walk briskly, he sat down, and she had to walk in sight. He took a stout stick with him—for Sir Charles. But Sir Charles was proud, and staid at home with his deep wound.

One day, walking round the square with a step of Mercury and heart of lead, Bella Bruce met a Sister of Charity pacing slow and thoughtful; their eyes met and drank, in a moment, every feature of each other.

The Sister, apparently, had seen the settled grief on that fair face; for, the next time they met, she eyed her with a certain sympathy, which did not escape Bella.

This subtle interchange took place several times, and Bella could not help feeling a little grateful. "Ah!" she thought to herself, "how kind religious people are! I should like to speak to her." And the next time they met she looked wistfully in the Sister's face.

She did not meet her again, for she went and rested on a bench, in sight of her father, but at some distance from him. Unconsciously to herself, his refusal even to hear Sir Charles repelled her. That was so hard on him and her. It looked like throwing away the last chance, the last little chance of happiness.

By-and-by the Sister came and sat on the same bench.

Bella was hardly surprised, but blushed high, for she felt that her own eyes had invited the sympathy of a stranger; and now it seemed to be coming. The timid girl felt uneasy. The Sister saw that, and approached her with tact.

"You look unwell," said she, gently, but with no appearance of extravagant interest or curiosity.

"I am—a little," said Bella, very reservedly.

"Excuse my remarking it. We are professional nurses, and apt to be a little officious, I fear."

No reply.

"I saw you were unwell. But I hope it is not serious. I can generally tell when the sick are in danger." A peculiar look. "I am glad not to see it in so young and—good a face."

"You are young, too; very young, and—" she was going to say "beautiful," but she was too shy—"to be a Sister of Charity. But I am sure you never regret leaving such a world as this is."

"Never. I have lost the only thing I ever valued in it."

"I have no right to ask you what that was."

"You shall know without asking. One I loved proved unworthy."

The Sister sighed deeply, and then, hiding her face with her hands for a moment, rose abruptly, and left the square, ashamed, apparently, of having been betrayed into such a confession.

Bella, when she was twenty yards off, put out a timid hand, as if to detain her; but she had not the courage to say any thing of the kind.

She never told her father a word.

"HE BOWED CEREMONIOUSLY, AND BEGGED HIS VISITORS TO BE SEATED."

She had got somebody now who could sympathize with her better than he could.

Next day the Sister was there, and Bella bowed to her when she met her.

This time it was the Sister who went and sat on the bench.

Bella continued her walk for some time, but at last could not resist the temptation. She came and sat down on the bench, and blushed; as much as to say, "I have the courage to come, but not to speak upon a certain subject, which shall be nameless."

The Sister, as may be imagined, was not so shy. She opened a conversation. "I committed a fault yesterday. I spoke to you of myself, and of the past: it is discouraged by our rules. We are bound to inquire the griefs of others; not to tell our own."

This was a fair opening, but Bella was too delicate to show her wounds to a fresh acquaintance.

The Sister, having failed at that, tried something very different.

"But I could tell you a pitiful case about another. Some time ago I nursed a gentleman whom love had laid on a sick-bed."

"A gentleman! What! can they love as we do?" said Bella, bitterly.

"Not many of them; but this was an exception. But I don't know whether I ought to tell these secrets to so young a lady."

"Oh yes—please—what else is there in this world worth talking about? Tell me about the poor man who could love as we can."

The Sister seemed to hesitate, but at last decided to go on.

"Well, he was a man of the world, and he had not always been a good man; but he was trying to be. He had fallen in love with a young lady, and seen the beauty of virtue, and was going to marry her and lead a good life. But he was a man of honor, and there was a lady for whom he thought it was his duty to provide. He set his lawyer to draw a deed, and his lawyer appointed a day for signing it at her house. The poor man came because his lawyer told him. Do you think there was any great harm in that?"

"No; of course not."

"Well, then, he lost his love for that."

Miss Bruce's color began to come and go, and her supple figure to crouch a little. She said nothing.

The Sister continued: "Some malicious person went and told the young lady's father the gentleman was in the habit of visiting that lady, and would be with her at a certain hour. And so he was; but it was the lawyer's appointment, you know. You seem agitated."

"No, no; not agitated," said Bella, "but astonished; it is so like a story I know. A young lady, a friend of mine, had an anonymous letter, telling her that one she loved and esteemed was unworthy. But what you have told me shows me how deceitful appearances may be. What was your patient's name?"

"It is against our rules to tell that. But you said an 'anonymous letter.' Was your friend so weak as to believe an anonymous letter? The writer of such a letter is a coward, and a coward is always a liar. Show me your friend's anonymous letter. I may, perhaps, be able to throw a light on it."

The conversation was interrupted by Admiral Bruce, who had approached them unobserved. "Excuse me," said he, "but you ladies seem to have hit upon a very interesting theme."

"Yes, papa," said Bella. "I took the liberty to question this lady as to her experiences of sick-beds, and she was good enough to give me some of them."

Having uttered this with a sudden appearance of calmness that first amazed the Sister, then made her smile, she took her father's arm, bowed politely, and a little stiffly, to her new friend, and drew the Admiral away.

"Oh!" thought the Sister. "I am not to speak to the old gentleman. He is not in her confidence. Yet she is very fond of him. How she hangs on his arm! Simplicity! Candor! We are all tarred with the same stick—we women."

That night Bella was a changed girl—exalted and depressed by turns, and with no visible reason.

Her father was pleased. Any thing better than that deadly languor.

The next day Bella sat by her father's side in the square, longing to go to the sister, yet patiently waiting to be ordered.

At last the Admiral, finding her dull and listless, said, "Why don't you go and talk to the Sister? She amuses you. I'll join you when I have smoked this cigar."

The obedient Bella rose, and went toward the Sister as if compelled. But when she got to her her whole manner changed. She took her warmly by the hand, and said, trembling and blushing, and all on fire, "I have brought you the anonymous letter."

The elder actress took it and ran her eye over it—an eye that now sparkled like a diamond. "Humph!" said she, and flung off all the dulcet tones of her assumed character with mighty little ceremony. "This hand is disguised a little, but I think I know it. I am sure I do! The dirty little rascal!"

"Madam!" cried Bella, aghast with surprise at this language.

"I tell you I know the writer and his rascally motive. You must lend me this for a day or two."

"Must I?" said Bella. "Excuse me! Papa would be so angry."

"Very likely; but you will lend it to me for all that; for with this I can clear Miss Bruce's lover and defeat his enemies."

Bella uttered a faint cry, and trembled, and her bosom heaved violently. She looked this way and that, like a frightened deer. "But papa? His eye is on us."

"Never deceive your father!" said the Sister, almost sternly; "but," darting her gray eyes right into those dove-like orbs, "give me five minutes' start—IF YOU REALLY LOVE SIR CHARLES BASSETT."

With these words she carried off the letter; and Bella ran, blushing, panting, trembling, to her father, and clung to him.

He questioned her, but could get nothing from her very intelligible until the Sister was out of sight, and then she told him all without reserve.

"I was unworthy of him to doubt him. An anonymous slander. I'll never trust appearances again. Poor Charles! Oh, my darling! what he must have suffered if he loves like me." Then came a shower of happy tears; then a shower of happy kisses.

The Admiral groaned, but for a long time he could not get a word in. When he did it was chilling. "My poor girl," said he, "this unhappy love blinds you. What, don't you see the woman is no nun, but some sly hussy that man has sent to throw dust in your eyes?"

Nothing she could say prevailed to turn him from this view, and he acted upon it with resolution: he confined her excursions to a little garden at the back of the house, and forbade her, on any pretense, to cross the threshold.

Miss Somerset came to the square in another disguise, armed with important information.

But no Bella Bruce appeared to meet her.

All this time Richard Bassett was happy as a prince.

So besotted was he with egotism, and so blinded by imaginary wrongs, that he rejoiced in the lovers' separation, rejoiced in his cousin's attack.

Polly, who now regarded him almost as a lover, told him all about it; and already in anticipation he saw himself and his line once more lords of the two manors—Bassett and Huntercombe—on the demise of Sir Charles Bassett, Bart., deceased without issue.

And, in fact, Sir Charles was utterly defeated. He lay torpid.

But there was a tough opponent in the way—all the more dangerous that she was not feared.

One fine day Miss Somerset electrified her groom by ordering her pony carriage to the door at ten A.M.

She took the reins on the pavement, like a man, jumped in light as a feather, and away rattled the carriage into the City. The ponies were all alive, the driver's eye keen as a bird's; her courage and her judgment equal. She wound in and out among the huge vehicles with perfect composure; and on those occasions when, the traffic being interrupted, the oratorical powers were useful to fill up the time, she shone with singular brilliance. The West End is too often in debt to the City, but, in the matter of chaff, it was not so this day; for whenever she took a peck she returned a bushel; and so she rattled to the door of Solomon Oldfield, solicitor, Old Jewry.

She penetrated into the inner office of that worthy, and told him he must come with her that minute to Portman Square.

"Impossible, madam!" And, as they say in the law reports, gave his reasons.

"Certain, Sir!" And gave no reasons.

He still resisted.

Thereupon she told him she should sit there all day and chaff his clients one after another, and that his connection with the Bassett and Huntercombe estates should end.

Then he saw he had to do with a termagant, and consented, with a sigh.

She drove him westward, wincing every now and then at her close driving, and told him all, and showed him what she was pleased to call her little game. He told her it was too romantic. Said he, "You ladies read nothing but novels; but the real world is quite different from the world of novels." Having delivered this remonstrance—which was tolerably just, for she never read any thing but novels and sermons—he submitted like a lamb, and received her instructions.

She drove as fast as she talked, so that by this time they were at Admiral Bruce's door.

Now Mr. Oldfield took the lead, as per instructions. "Mr. Oldfield, solicitor, and a lady—on business."

The porter delivered this to the footman with the accuracy which all who send verbal messages deserve and may count on. "Mr. Oldfield and lady."

The footman, who represented the next step in oral tradition, without which form of history the Heathen world would never have known that Hannibal softened the rocks with vinegar, nor the Christian world that eleven thousand virgins dwelt in a German town the size of Putney, announced the pair as "Mr. and Mrs. Hautville!"

"I don't know them, I think. Well, I will see them."

They entered, and the Admiral stared a little, and wondered how this couple came together—the keen but plain old man, with clothes hanging on him, and the dashing beauty, with her dress in the height of the fashion, and her gauntleted hands. However, he bowed ceremoniously, and begged his visitors to be seated.

Now the folding-doors were ajar, and the *soi-disant* Mrs. Oldfield peeped. She saw Bella Bruce at some distance, seated by the fire, in a reverie.

Judge that young lady's astonishment when she looked up and observed a large, white, well-shaped hand, sparkling with diamonds and rubies, beckoning her furtively.

The owner of that sparkling hand soon heard a soft rustle of silk come toward the door; the very rustle, somehow, was eloquent and betrayed love and timidity, and something innocent yet subtle. The jeweled hand went in again directly.

SPRING'S ENTRÉE.

THE beautiful picture on page 360, for which our readers are indebted to the graceful pencil of PAUL FRENZENY, representing Spring, under the guise of a lovely young woman, shutting up old Winter into the gloomy cavern to which the old fairy tales used to banish him, reminds us of a sweet German poem by WILHELM MÜLLER, which was several years ago translated by the late Mrs. H. C. CONANT. Though the poem does not follow out the imagery suggested by the artist, there is such a harmony of sentiment in these creations of the fancy that our readers will be glad to find them together. The poem is called

SPRING'S ENTRÉE.

Haste! open window, open heart;
Quickly, oh quickly!
Old Winter seeks a passage out;
He fidgets anxiously about,
Goes round the house with bustling air,
And picks his duds up here and there:
Quickly, oh quickly!

Haste! open window, open heart;
Quickly, oh quickly!
He's spied young Spring before the door;
He knows his madcap pranks of yore:
To pull his ear were sport, I trow,
Or pluck his reverend beard of snow!
Quickly, oh quickly!

Haste! open window, open heart!
Quickly, oh quickly!
Spring knocks already at the door;
Hark! 'tis his cheering voice once more—
He knocks with all the force he may,
With his little meadow-flower bouquet:
Quickly, oh quickly!

Haste! open window, open heart!
Quickly, oh quickly!
And if you are not prompt to hear,
He has his train of servants near:
He'll summon them to help his will,
And knock and beat more loudly still
Quickly, oh quickly!

Haste! open window, open heart;
Quickly, oh quickly!
Lo! Morningbreeze, his herald, view—
A puffed-cheeked boy, of rosy hue—
He blows till all things stir and ring,
For entrance to his master, Spring!
Quickly, oh quickly!

Haste! open window, open heart;
Quickly, oh quickly!
The brave knight, Sunshine, now appears,
And breaks his way with golden spears;
While the soft flatterer, Flowerbreath, slinks
Through narrowest crevices and chinks:
Quickly, oh quickly!

Haste! open window, open heart
Quickly, oh quickly!
Now sounds the onset, Philomel;
And hark, and hark! an echo's swell—
An echo from my inmost breast—
In sweet Spring joy, a welcome guest:
Quickly, oh quickly!

A NEW FORTUNIO

By JUSTIN M'CARTHY.

FIFTY years ago there lived on the German side of the Lake of Constance a broken-down, drunken musician, who had a pretty little daughter eight years old, and a second wife, younger than himself—the mother of the pretty daughter having been long laid in earth. In the same village there was a shrewish, crusty, sour-featured widow, whose husband, happily released from her rule after years of considerable suffering, had bequeathed her, as his sole legacy and memorial, a fine bright-eyed boy of twelve, his son by a former wife. The broken-down musician was named Ernest Falk; his daughter was Frederika. The shrewish widow was named Retzler; her step-son was called Albert. The ordinary routine of life threw this boy and girl, Albert Retzler and Frederika Falk, very much together. The conditions of their existence made them sympathetic from the beginning. Both were made precocious by domestic discomfort; both had step-mothers; both were often sent out by day and night on disagreeable messages; both had early experience of what debt meant, and the evasion of creditors, and the talking over of baker and butcher; both were fond of reading story-books, and of music and the fields. When they met on their way to or from school, or on any of the numberless errands of daily drudgery to which each was dispatched, they often stole a few minutes to tell each other of the contents of a new story-book, or to rest by the brook-side; or, if it was still day, to make a mad rush into the woods, reckless alike of the wolves and wild-cats which were supposed to prowl among the trees, and of the scolding tongues sure to punish delay when they returned home. They talked to each other very freely of their domestic circumstances; and it might have touched even a dull, cold heart to have heard this little maid of eight years old, and this little man of twelve, compare notes sadly on the ways of their step-mothers, and indulge in grave philosophic reflections on the general discomforts represented by the word "home." Both agreed that home was dreadful. Both agreed that the desirable thing would be to run away together. But while Albert was for straightway making the desire a deed, Frederika always drew back at that point, shook gravely her fair little curly head, and excused herself for not at once consenting to run away on the ground that father would miss her, and would be so sorry. For the drunken, broken-down, maudlin poor father really was fond of the little girl, and would caress her and blubber over her by the hour together when he happened to come home early enough to find her still out of bed, and sober enough to distinguish her from the cat or the three-legged stool.

There was another thing, however, on which this sympathetic little pair were—may I say even more unanimous (let me say "more unanimous" just this once, it is so very expressive) than on the discomfort of the institution home, or the desirability of early running away. That was the propriety of their being married. "Of course, whenever I run away I mean to come back and marry you, Frederika," said Albert one day, as he looked proudly and protectingly down on her. "*Versteht sich,*" replied the little maid, fondly but placidly, looking up into his face with fearless, frank blue eyes, and without blush or tremor.

Things went on in this way until the boy was fourteen years old, the girl ten. One night, very late—as late as nine o'clock, a dreadful hour in those parts for even grown people to be out of bed—Frederika was sent by her step-mother to the fountain in the little square to fetch some water, and just as she was leaving her own door up comes Albert, all breathless, and tells her he can stand it no longer, and that he is running away at last, and was just going to her house in the hope of seeing her once more. Poor Frederika turns pale, and begins to cry, and is on the point of dropping her pitcher and declaring she will go with him, when she remembers the old broken-down father, and thinks how miserable he would be without her, and how, if she were gone, all the scolding must necessarily fall on him; and so she decides firmly that she can not run away just yet, but that Albert must go before, and, if he can not come back for her, then she must follow him. So she cries more than ever, and asks him where he is going; and he does not very clearly know, but thinks it must be to Munich, or Vienna, or Berlin, or Rome, or all these places in succession. He talks quite proudly and heroically, as one resolved to make his way somewhere; but he will write to her the moment he finds even a resting-place, and then, if he can not come back to her, she will come to him, and they will be ever so happy. So they agreed to part, and they cried a good deal—even brave, resolute Albert cried—and they kissed; and then, as Jean Paul says, "Fate seized their bleeding hearts and flung them different ways." Albert ran out of the village, along the darkling road, and Frederika drew the water and went home, and was scolded dreadfully for the delay, and was rather glad to be scolded, because of the excuse it gave her for crying half the night through.

It is not easy for a little lad of fourteen years old to find a new home when he has had to run away from his own; and poor Albert Retzler had a good deal of wandering and hiding and asking his way, and seeking for the means of life, and, perhaps, some secret, bitter crying too, before he found a shelter for his head. Months and months passed over before the poor boy had a chance to write to Frederika. He did write to her at last, a scrawled and blotted letter, full of love, which was real and strong, and of hope, which was not quite so real and strong as he made it out to be.

Now it is very doubtful whether this letter could in any case have reached poor Frederika, even had she been in the old home; for assuredly it would not have come directly into the hands of the little child, but into those of her step-mother—and Frederika could hardly have spelled it out herself. So, under ordinary circumstances, it would only have got into the clutches of sharp and sour Mrs. Falk, and perhaps have been transferred by her to Albert's own step-mother, and employed as a means of finding out the culprit and bringing him back—if his step-mother wanted to have him. But when it reached the village the Falks had migrated across the lake into Switzerland. Mrs. Falk was glad, for many reasons, to get her ne'er-do-well husband out of the way of his old associates. And when a chance opened up of his getting employment in Switzerland, she made him go there. So they all went away, and the old place knew them no more, and Albert's letter never reached its destination. He wrote again and again—of course at long and lengthening intervals; and at last he gave up all hope, and wrote no more. He had a good deal of wandering before he settled down at last, and pretty, fair-haired Frederika had become only a bright melancholy dream or memory when the worst of the struggle for life had been put safely over by him, and he began to see his way.

Meanwhile, Frederika's poor drunken father grew worse and worse in his habits—more and more maudlin in his love and lamentations over her—and at last, when the child was twelve years old, he died. Then her life became really a hard and bitter one, for her step-mother detested her, and always made it a grievance and a sharp complaint to her that she was a girl and not a boy.

"Girls are good for nothing," Mrs. Falk was always saying. "If you were a boy, you could earn your living. What do I want with you? Girls are good for nothing."

This was the refrain dinned into poor Frederika's ears from morning to night. At last she began to believe in what she heard so often; and said to herself, "Ah, yes, girls are no good. If I were only a boy!"

But although not a boy, she had spirit enough not to stand any more of her step-mother's ways, now that she had no longer her father to look after and to think about. So she resolved to run away. "I will go out into the world," she said, "and find Albert—somewhere. Ah, if I were only a boy!"

So she ran away. She endeavored to make her hegira begin at just the same hour as that at which poor Albert took his departure. One night, then, after her step-mother had sent her to bed, she stole softly down from the poor little

hay-loft where she slept, and crept out into the road and ran. Instinctively she called to Albert while she ran—as if he ought to hear her and to know that she was on her way to seek him.

So Frederika Falk disappeared. She, too, had much wandering and struggling and suffering before she began to see her way; and on that way she had met no Albert. Meanwhile a good many years passed away, and, were Albert and she now to be brought face to face, one can hardly suppose either could have known the other.

Some twelve years, let us say, since Frederika's flight, there was a break-up in the establishment of a famous old music-teacher, a renowned violinist, in Berlin. The old musician was getting tired of his occupation, and was giving up his calling, in order that he might go back and spend the closing days of his life in the town of Prussian Poland where he was born. One night before his departure he sat with his daughter (a pretty girl) and a youth, who had been for some time his principal assistant and right-hand man, in one of the pleasant little summer gardens which fringe the stately Thier Garten, and where the Berliners sip their Rhine wine and their beer and smoke their pipes of peace.

The old man and the young were drinking fragrant Rüdesheimer. It was a soft summer evening, and the scene was bright and delightful. The eyes of the young man were fixed on the elder; those of the girl turned often to the face of the youth.

"Push your fortune, Ernst Bach—push your fortune," said the old man, cheerily. "Come back to Berlin, if you will, when you have made a name and a fame, and have plenty of thalers, or francs, or guineas. Vienna is better than Berlin for you, and Paris better than Vienna, and London better than all. Go to Paris by all means, but remember that, after all, London is the gold mine. Your fingering wants something yet if you are to perform on a great public stage, and I know the man in Paris who can give you some precious hints in that way. *There*, now, would be a performer, if he would only come out."

"Who is he, Herr Waldeck?"

"His name is Otto Weiss, and he is a music-teacher like yourself. I knew him in Italy some years ago. He ought to have come out. I think in time he would not have been far behind Paganini. But he doesn't care; he is eccentric."

"Is he rich?"

"No, not to say rich. I suppose he can get enough to live on, and he lives a downright idle life in Paris, I am told. I will give you a letter to him, and he will be friendly to you, I know. I liked him much, and I do think he likes me."

"Is he old, Herr Waldeck?"

"Old, my lad? Not he; indeed, he seems quite a boy—a child—to me. But he must be many years older than you; and he, I fancy, looks much older than he is, while you seem somewhat younger than your years. Be sure you find him out; you will like him; and whatever counsel he gives you in musical matters, that follow; and you can do no better, for he is a born musician. Only don't become careless and eccentric, as he has done, but make your way."

After some further talk about the future they walked home together, all growing sadder as the hours went on. For they had lived in happy companionship during some years, and Herr Waldeck was much attached to young Ernst Bach; and as for the maiden, Ida, she felt, at the parting, a good deal more than she would ever be likely to express. Had the youth but pressed her, she would doubtless have said or conveyed what she felt clearly enough; but he parted from her only as one leaves a friend or a sister.

When young Ernst Bach arrived in Paris, he had no trouble in finding where Otto Weiss, the violinist, lived. In fact, the musician was quite a sort of celebrity among artists and artistic people. He lived in a pleasant, bright apartment, which looked into the gardens of the Luxembourg. When our young wanderer from Berlin came to present his introductions the musician was stretched lazily on a sofa, which was drawn close to the open window; and he was languidly puffing at a cigar with an almost Neapolitan repose and indifference of manner. The room showed an odd mixture of artistic refinement and utter negligence, which quite corresponded with the appearance, the dress, and the manner of the inmate.

Our Berliner stood for a moment on the threshold, and with eager, wondering eyes gazed at the man on the sofa.

Otto Weiss was a handsome man, still evidently quite young; at least, his form and his gestures were young. His face looked hollow and wasted, and his hair was deeply dashed with gray. He used sometimes to quote and apply to himself Henri of Bearn's saying, that the wind of adversity, blowing always in his face, had turned his hair gray before his time.

Ernst presented his letter, which secured him a cordial welcome.

"I like you already," Otto Weiss exclaimed, with quite a dash of enthusiasm in his voice. "I see that we shall be friends."

Then he leaned his chin upon his hand, and looked long and fixedly upon his new acquaintance. Let us look at him too.

If Otto Weiss seemed prematurely old, Ernst Bach appeared singularly young. His face was a delicate oval shape, beardless and soft; his form was slender and supple, like that of a very young Antinous or Ganymede; his hands and feet were remarkably small. Only the eyes and the thoughtful lines around them had any hint of maturity in them; and there was sign enough of earnestness and thought and trouble there.

Otto sat silent for a while, and still looked into the face of his visitor. Then he sprang to his feet with a joyous exclamation, which served to stifle a sigh, again bade his visitor welcome, and offered him a cigar.

These two did, indeed, become close and warm friends. Otto took a deep interest in the fortunes and the future of the younger artist, and gave him many valuable—nay, rather invaluable—counsels and lessons. Otto was a master of the violin; Ernst, after all, was only a scholar. Their relationship soon came to be very much like that of master and scholar. *Maestro* was the title which the younger artist familiarly applied to the elder.

"*Maestro*," asked the scholar one evening as they lounged together through the alleys of the Luxembourg, "why don't you come out before the world as an artist, and try for fame?"

"I don't care about fame."

"Yet you urge me to seek for it."

"You are young and hopeful."

"Not many years younger than *you, maestro.*"

"Not many years—in years—but a century or so in time and heart. I feel terribly old. You look like a school-boy. I grew old very soon; and I don't seem to have any thing in particular to live for. I have neither kith nor kin to care for."

"Nor I, *maestro*."

"No, boy; but you will before long. Some pretty girl's bright eyes will send a thrill through you one of these days, and then you will have something to live for."

"*Maestro*, why don't you fall in love, and get a wife and a home, and so a career?"

"Inquisitive youth! Well, if you must have an answer, I don't know. I feel as if I had been in love ever so long ago, some time before I was born, perhaps, and got spoiled, and never could be in love again."

"You have been in love?" The youth looked with wonderful eagerness into the face of his elder companion.

"Ought I to say that I have been so? In the ordinary sense I don't think I could say it; at least, it would give you quite a wrong idea. Did you ever hear the nightingale?"

"Truly—very often."

"Do you know what he sings?"

"No. What do you mean?"

"A young poet who is of my friends—and who will be heard of one day—says the nightingale sings the story of the love we have not had, but would have, if we could. Well, that is my story—at least I think so."

"Then you never loved any one?"

"The truth is, I was very much in love once—oh, so long a time ago that I should think you were not born then—with a very little girl whom I shall never see again. Now she has become transfigured in my memory into a seraphic, angelic, indescribable kind of being—I suppose there is no such creature on earth, and never could be—and so I can not be in love with any mortal woman. Do you know—well, I had better not tell you—"

"Go on, *maestro*."

"You will laugh, perhaps—"

"Ah, no! not I."

"Well, laugh if you will. It is only this: When first I saw you, my lad, I was drawn toward you in some mysterious and unspeakable sort of way, as if your face reminded me of that old time—and of her! I say, young one, you have not a sister?"

"No, *maestro;* I never had."

"I am sorry for it. I think if you had, I could somehow fall in love with her. Well, let us talk no more nonsense now."

So the conversation changed.

The habits of the *maestro* were not always regular. He loved midnight and smoke and semi-Bohemian society, and sometimes he indulged rather freely in wine. His intercourse with his young pupil had tended a good deal to improve and refine him. The two became so fond of each other's society that they would not remain apart, and Otto Weiss was not fond of bringing the younger man into indiscriminate company. *Maxima debetur pueris reverentia* was a favorite phrase of his. So he grew gradually less and less irregular, and the breath of the dawn less frequently blew on him from the river as he crossed the bridges southward on his way home.

One night, however, he and his companion supped in a *café*, after the theatre, with some acquaintances. They were in a private room, and talk was free and noisy. One of the company seemed to make a sort of set at Ernst Bach, who was not very slow to retort; and so a smart war of epigram and satire sprang up. Interchange of epigram and satire, when combined with the free flow of wine, makes dangerous pastime, and poor Ernst was far in the way to be entangled in a quarrel before Otto, the *maestro*, perceived the "difficulty" that had arisen. Suddenly his attention was aroused by hearing sharp words and seeing flushed faces, and he became aware that Ernst was one of the principals in the dispute.

"This affair must be settled to-morrow morning!" screamed Jules Peltier, a fierce young painter. "This German has insulted me—he called me Gascon! He declared that what I said was gasconade."

Ernst looked, it must be owned, very pale, and even tremulous.

"Come, come, Jules!" said Otto, interfering; "we must not have a quarrel. Ernst never meant to offend you. Did you, Ernst?"

"But he is so insolent!" pouted angry Ernst.

"Foolish lads, both! Come; neither meant any offense. *Embrassez-vous donc.*"

Both, however, held off. Jules was eying his antagonist with evident contempt.

"Come, Jules," said Otto, making a last attempt; "remember, he is only a boy."

"More like a girl, to judge by his tremor," said Jules, contemptuously; whereupon Ernst, springing to his feet, flung his handkerchief into Jules's face; and there remained nothing for it, then, but to settle the preliminaries of the morning's meeting—time, five o'clock A.M.; place, a certain secluded spot at Vincennes; *témoins*, M. Otto Weiss for Ernst Bach, and M. Charles Leroche, a literary man, for Jules Peltier.

The *maestro* and his pupil went home together. There were not many hours to spare, and as Ernst knew nothing of the sword, which was to be the weapon, they arranged that the *maestro* should give him a few lessons which would, at least, enable him to make a decent figure. So they were not to go to bed.

"Now, boy, take that sword, and plant yourself so. I am afraid Jules is an old hand at the weapon. You are not trembling?"

"It is the cold, *maestro*."

"Why, it is very warm, boy!"

"I mean the heat, *maestro*—or that I am tired and sleepy."

A dreadful thought passed through the *maestro's* brain. Good Heaven! could the boy—a German youth, too—be a coward?

"Ernst!" he said, in a low, deep, thrilling tone.

"*Maestro!*" replied Ernst, in a voice that unmistakably quivered.

"You are not—good Heaven!—you are not afraid of this meeting?"

"What a question! Afraid! You would not offend me, *maestro?*"

"No, boy; forgive me. I ought not to have asked such a question. Forget it, and let us go on with our little lesson."

Yet there was still a strange expression of doubt and wonder and pity on the face of the *maestro*, and, even while he tried to teach his pupil some rudiments of the swordsman's art, he could not help saying: "Dear lad, how I wish I might take your place, and you be my second! I wish I had observed that Jules and you were likely to quarrel. I would have struck in, right or wrong, and anticipated the business by forcing him to quarrel with me."

"Are you a good swordsman, dear *maestro?*"

"Not so good as he, I think."

"Then it is much better as it is, *maestro*."

The morning broke raw and shuddering, and the two friends found their way in good time to Vincennes. Their opponents soon came on the ground. Otto planted his principal, and watched him with a kind of feverish anxiety. Two passes, and Ernst's sword fell from his nerveless hand. He was trembling all over.

"He is wounded!" cried Otto. "Enough, enough."

He was not wounded, however.

A dead silence fell upon all.

"The affair is over," said Jules, contemptuously tossing away his weapon. "There are enemies with whom one can not fight. Thank Heaven, this gentleman is not a Frenchman!"

"An insult to me!" shouted Otto, maddened by the whole course of events, and delighted to have a chance of relieving his mind by a quarrel. "This youth, who is wearied from want of sleep, and who has never fought before, is no coward. He is a German—so am I! To thank Heaven that he is not a Frenchman is an insult to me, too, who am not a Frenchman. Ernst, be my *témoin*. You, M. Jules Peltier, take up your sword again. You have no boy to deal with this time."

"But I have no quarrel with you," remonstrated Jules.

"*Poltron*, will you wait for yet further cause?"

"Not so," said Jules, calmly, and he resumed his weapon and his place. A sharp, fierce combat set in. Ernst leaned against a tree, and seemed indeed hardly able to stand up. Certainly he performed no particular duties as a second, but watched the duelists, with quivering lips and clasped hands. The other second had drawn away from him, and only now and then threw at him a glance of wonder and contempt.

Jules was a master of the weapon he held; and Otto Weiss was too hot and angry to be a master of any thing. A few vivid flashes of sword-blades and a jet of blood sprang from the *maestro's* shoulder. A wild scream broke from Ernst's lips—so wild and shrill that the three men turned at once to the spot from which the cry had come—and then Ernst fell flat upon the ground in a faint.

Otto flung his sword away, and, wounded as he was, ran to the youth, lifted him in his arms, and supported his pale face.

"*Mais, c'est une fille sans doute!*" exclaimed Jules. "*Vraiment, une mascarade!*"

The shrill, womanish cry, and the womanish faint, had betrayed a secret kept in more than one country, and during many years. Ernst, the coward, was a girl. The girl was Frederika Falk.

"I might have known it," said Albert Retzler (otherwise Otto Weiss, the *maestro*) to his betrothed wife, some little time after this—"I might have known it by the strange sensation that passed through me when first you stood on my threshold. All my youth came back on me the moment I looked on you. It was as if some sweet familiar air of my boyhood were sounding in my ears. I might have known, too, that there was something mysterious in it when I suspected that you were afraid to fight, and yet was not angry with you or ashamed of you. My own dear, only Frederika, my love from a little child!"

"I knew *you, maestro*, the moment I saw you that first day."

"Then why not reveal yourself? Why carry on the masquerade?"

"How did I know, *maestro*, whether you were indeed still my own Albert of long, long ago? We parted as little children. How could I feel sure that I still held any place in your heart? So I restrained my feelings and watched."

"Ah, masquerader, if you could have restrained your feelings as well when the sword-point touched my shoulder, your secret would have been kept still longer. But why did you ever go out into the world in such disguise?"

"Because my step-mother always told me girls were good for nothing, and could do nothing; and I believed it must be true, and that, if I would make my way in life, I must appear as a boy. So I followed the example of Fortunio in the fairy story; and (when I could scrape together the money) I got boy's clothes, and became a boy, and then a young man, and the world accepted me as such, and did not reject me, as it would, I suppose, if I had been known for a woman. That is all."

"Ah! and Fortunio in the story is discovered, I think, when about to be put to death, and her womanhood betrays itself. Well, you are better than Fortunio. It was *fear* for me, not for yourself, which at last betrayed you."

"But, *maestro*, I am no Fortunio, for I was terribly afraid on my own account, and I could not hold up my sword."

"I will fight your battles henceforth, or, rather, we will fight side by side, and conquer the world and fame with fiddle-sticks for our weapons, and the concert-room for our arena."

So Frederika and Albert, who had lost each other during so many years, were thus brought together again, and were married; and the artist pair won fame side by side, and always kept up the love which had so sweetened life to the little step-children in the old village by the Lake of Constance.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

QUILP and his wife had a bit of contention the other day. "I own that you have more brilliancy than I," said the woman, "but I have the better judgment." "Yes," said Quilp, "your choice in marrying shows that!" Quilp was informed that he was a brute.

THE BEST PERSON TO BORE YOUR EARS—A bore.

An apothecary sent in a bill to a widow lady, which ran thus: "To curing your husband till he died!"

An exchange says: In this city is a sign that reads,

up
holsterin
caining
allso
split bodams.

Miss Wade, of Cincinnati, has made nineteen ineffectual attempts at suicide. She holds stomach-pump matinées quite often.

How about this, which appears in the advertising columns of one of the city papers:
"WANTED.—Two sisters at No. — Grand Street want washing."

INSTRUCTIONS TO TRAVELERS ON THE STREET CARS.

If you can get a corner seat, take it by all means; but if it is an open car, get an "outside" seat. If the sun shines hotly, take the shady side of the car. If you have to sacrifice a corner seat thereby, the choice is difficult. On the city lines of cars it is not prudent to remonstrate with a conductor for carrying you two blocks beyond where you politely requested him to let you off. One of them lately said to a passenger: "Now get off, or I'll punch you in the ear."

Those conductors who ask you not to smoke on the front platform of the close cars are new and green. No matter if all the windows are down and the door open, and the air takes the smoke right into the faces of ladies, you should maintain your independence, even though you cease to be a gentleman. Yield your seat in a crowded car to a pretty young lady; but old and homely women are tough, and can stand up as well as not. Of equal endurance are poorly dressed women with babies and bundles. Read your paper and don't see 'em. Never interrupt a conductor to let you off a car when he is having a good time with a friend. It is certain to wound his feelings, and produce an angry retort.

DRAWING-ROOM—Apartment of a dentist.

"Doctor," said a nephew, on settling the fee question for his uncle's illness, and from whose death he entertained great expectations, "I beg for the future you will not interfere in family matters."

The Paris *Journal* reports the following conversation between two young girls: "If you only knew how badly papa treats mamma and me!" "Indeed!" "Yes, indeed! You can judge for yourself. When I was ready to be 'brought out' in society, he might have gone with me, might he not? Well, instead of that, when mamma and I went to his room to find him, we discovered he had been absent from the house a whole year."

Recently a thief, of the Mawworm type, said to a judge on circuit, quite confidingly, "My lord, I really assure you I committed the theft in a weak moment; quite, indeed, against my own will, my lord, quite." "Oh! very well," said his lordship; "it is only right that you should have no cause for complaint. The offense will be met in a proper spirit. As you committed the act against your own will, you will be punished against your own will."

A FANNING PUN.

Amelia waved her fan with glee,
And, being in a playful mood,
She gave the airy toy to me,
And bade me flirt it if I could.

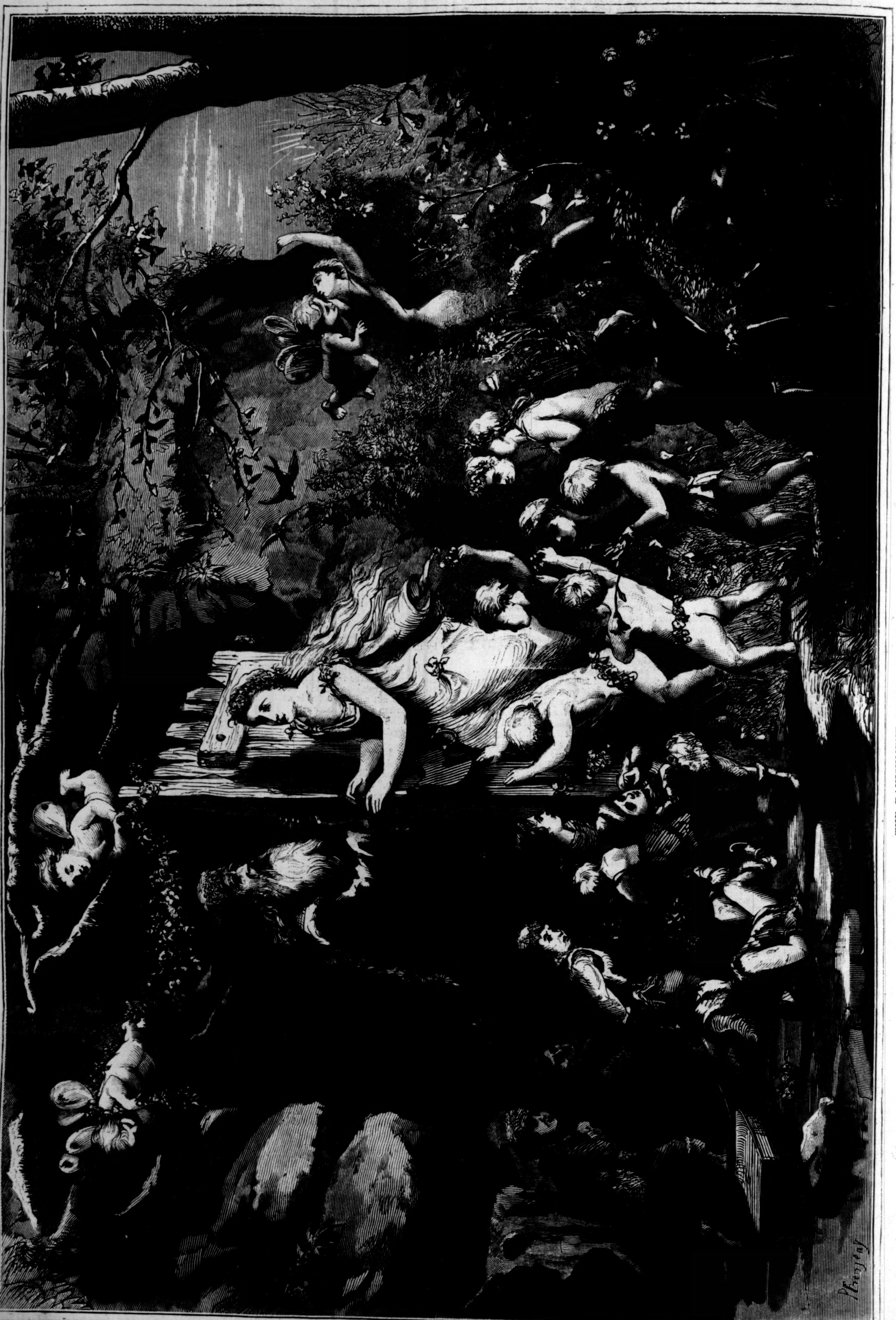
The pleasing toil I quick began,
But jealous pangs my bosom hurt;
"Madam, I can not flirt a fan,
But, with your leave, I'll fan a flirt."

"Oh, mother," said a little boy, as he stood looking at a lake by moonlight, "see how the moon sprinkles down on the water!"

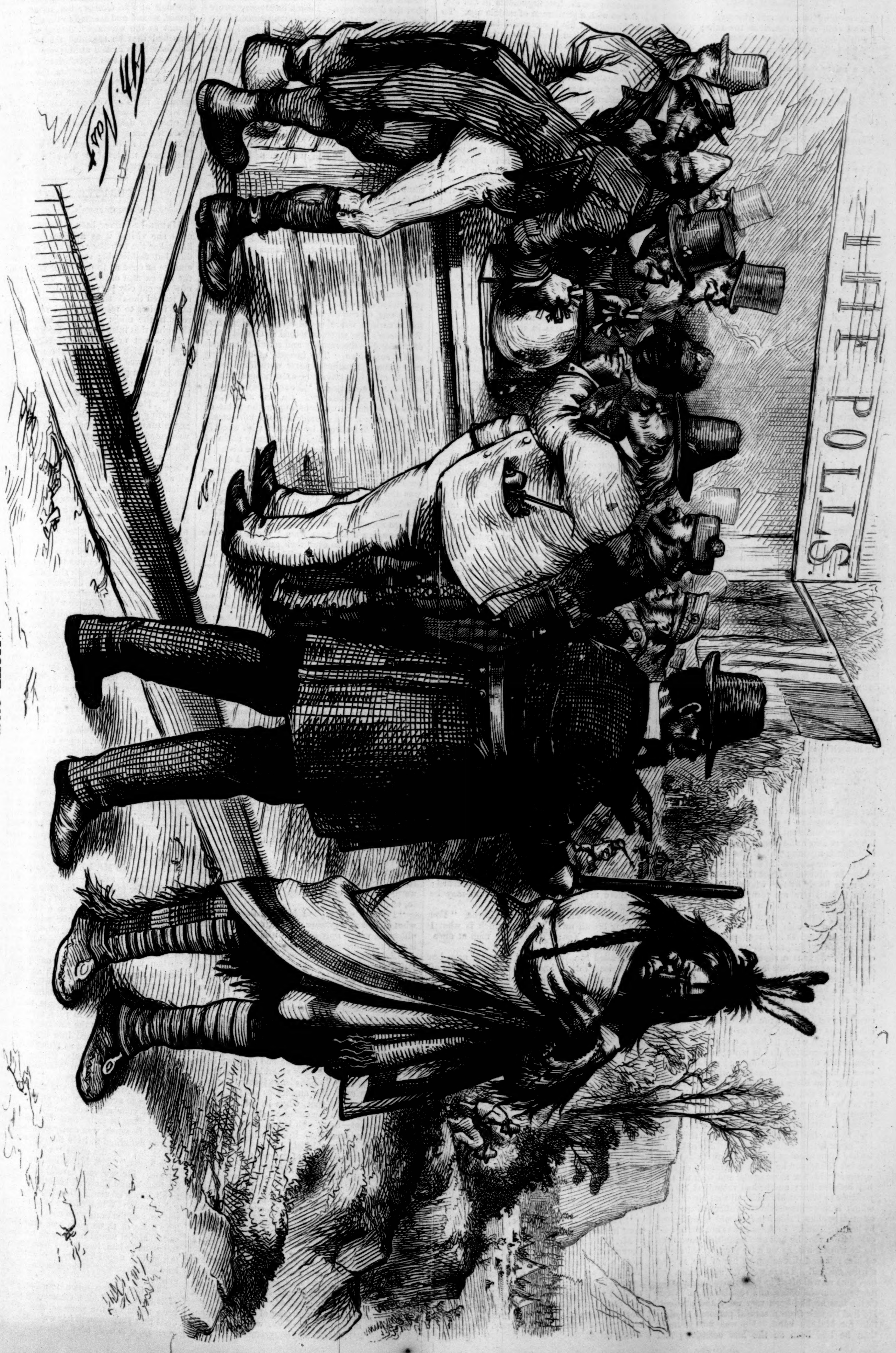
The father of Mrs. Siddons had always forbidden her to marry an actor, and of course she chose a member of the old gentleman's company, whom she secretly wedded. When Roger Kemble heard of it he was furious. "Have I not," he exclaimed, "forbade you to marry a player?" The lady replied, with downcast eyes, that she had not disobeyed. "What, madam! have you not allowed yourself to marry about the worst performer in my company?" "Exactly so," murmured the timid bride, "nobody can call him an actor."

A hint to afflicted parents is afforded by the following advertisement, published in an English Church paper: "Home wanted for an unmanageable boy, aged ten, with a clergyman. Strict disciplinarian, accustomed and willing to birch. Liberal terms; sings in choir."

The other day a Montreal tailor sent his bill to a magazine editor. He was startled a few hours afterward by its being returned with the note appended, "Your manuscript is respectfully declined."



THE BANISHMENT OF WINTER.—[See Poem on Page 358.]



"MOVE ON!"

HAS THE NATIVE AMERICAN NO RIGHTS THAT THE NATURALIZED AMERICAN IS BOUND TO RESPECT?—[SEE PAGE 363.]

MY TREASURES.

THE evening is dark and gloomy,
And chill is my heart as the rain;
I will open my darling's casket,
And look at my treasures again.

As a miser quits all to ponder
The chest where his coin is cast,
So I tear myself back from the present
To brood o'er the golden past.

And I count o'er each fond recollection,
As he counts o'er his glittering heap;
Though he is too merry for laughter,
And I am too sad to weep.

The page of a well-worn journal,
Written after the ball at Dene,
On the night when I lost my freedom,
And knew I had found my queen.

The soft little glove she was wearing
As we walk'd by the starlit sea—
She confided to Clare in the morning
It was pleasant to walk with me.

A bunch of blue withered flowers—
They had graced the trysting spot—
Which she gathered at parting and gave me,
And said, smiling, "Forget me not."

The coil of a warm brown ringlet—
I remember I stole that tress
On the night when I asked her to love me,
And she timidly whispered "Yes."

The ring which I placed on her finger,
And a shred of her bridal veil—
Ah me! she was fair to look at
As we knelt at the altar rail.

The last gentle words which she wrote me
On the eve of the fatal day,
When she left me alone with my sorrow,
And was borne with her babe away.

So! I sigh as I shut my casket,
And wait—I am not afraid—
For the day when they come to lay me
In the place where my darling is laid.

WON—NOT WOOED.

By the Author of "Carlyon's Year," "One of the Family," "A Beggar on Horseback," "Bred in the Bone," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ACCEPTED.

IF the saying is a true one, that the wooing is of good augury which is not long a-doing, Mabel Denham might have accepted the congratulations of her friends with a light heart. In less than a month from the time that Mr. Winthrop had intrenched himself at *The George*, and sat down before the fortress of her affections—in less than three weeks since that unfortunate *sortie* in which she had met him face to face—he was her accepted suitor. She had not abated one jot of her resolution to tell him that she had no love to give him; but he had ventured to flatter himself that love would come in time. The experience of mankind was, upon the whole, in his favor. When a sensible woman is tied to a man for life she generally makes the best of it—and what is love but the best of it? But, indeed, Miles Winthrop would not have given Mabel up had her reply to his offer been even less encouraging. Love at forty-five is a persevering, importunate affair, very different from the mere passionate longing of four-and-twenty; and if the object of affection is a young girl, it has a very powerful ally in *amour propre*. It is all very well for your young Lochinvars to boast that there are "maidens more lovely by far" who will gladly espouse them if Miss Graham turns the cold shoulder; but Lochinvars of middle life are not so easily solaced by such reflections. It is not only a point of honor with them to succeed, for that motive often derives its force from the opinion of others; if they fail, they lose confidence in their own selves. It is a sign that they have fallen into the sear and yellow leaf, that the autumn has begun, every succeeding day of which is more and more of a bathos.

Of course, Miles Winthrop of Wapshot Hall, even ten years hence, could have secured by purchase the very pick of the matrimonial market; but he was too proud to stoop to such a means of procuring a wife; he had a confidence, by no means unwarranted, in his powers of conversation, in his distinguished air and manners, and even in his personal attractions, which, notwithstanding that little bald spot on the top of his crown, were still considerable, that forbade him to fall back as yet upon the adventitious advantages of his position in the world. Moreover, though accustomed to take fancies into his head, and to indulge himself by gratifying them, he had never before set his heart upon any object as he had upon winning Mabel. From the day that she left Shingleton he had kept himself well acquainted with her movements, and with all that had befallen her; and he had restrained his impatience to present himself until that bitter grief, which is more insensible to proffers of material advantage than Pride itself, should be mitigated by healing Time. Perhaps it was not out of cold calculation that he was also permitted poverty to do its work; but, as we have seen, it had assisted him; it had disenchanted her of life, rubbed all the gilt off. There were no aspirations left her, such as will often in youth give battle to the most substantial offers, and repulse them. Even to the last he had been very wary and prudent. He had shrunk from a second personal application for Mabel's hand. He was not younger than he had been on the last occasion; and though the eloquence and passionate pleading of a young man are the best arguments he can use, it is not so with a gentleman of middle age. To throw himself on his knees would be to expose his baldness; he had therefore conveyed his offer in writing, and the letter was a model of refinement (of manner) and delicacy (of touch). Even Mabel was moved by it. He made very light of the superiority of his social position, and, of course, there was not the least allusion to his having afforded her pecuniary assistance. In replying to it, however, Mabel did not blink this fact.

"You have not reminded me," she said, "of the obligation under which I am well aware you have placed me; you are silent upon that point, because you are a gentleman. It is impossible, however, for me to forbear allusion to it;" and then she went on to tell him that she felt herself to be his debtor—a bondwoman, and not a free agent. If he chose to accept a wife upon such terms, she was willing to become his wife; but if so, she must come to him without even the dowry which the poorest girl can bring to her husband—that of love.

Miles Winthrop pondered over these plain-spoken words for hours. He bit his lips; he paced the room like a wild beast; he even ran his fingers through his hair, as though he would have assisted the ravages of time, and torn it out by the handful. It was not a nice letter for a man to get in answer to an offer of marriage; but still, the reply *was* in the affirmative, and with that one would have thought (at forty-five) he might have been content. Yet his ejaculations were not only violent, but unintelligible. "I am a rogue," he cried, "an infernal villain; but I will have her!" It seemed that he had quite lost his senses. At last, however, he appeared to think better of it; or, at all events, of himself, and sat down to write his answer. "Do not speak of obligation," ran one sentence of it, "for whatever I have to offer you—or ever had—seems to me of no value until you have deigned to accept it."

The composition of this high-flown sentiment—not to be found in the most Complete Letter-writer—gave him a deal of trouble, and did not please him after all. Mabel glanced her eye over it, when received, without paying it much attention. She could not, alas! weigh every line and every letter, as a maiden should do in such cases, and kiss the very paper twenty times; her mind was occupied with the main fact that, notwithstanding she had told him the whole truth (or almost the whole), this man was content to make her his wife.

Martha Barr, though loath enough to lose her darling, was almost out of her mind with joy at the good news. The intelligence that the marriage was to take place immediately quite took her breath away.

"But, my dear, there will be scarcely time for settlements or any thing."

"I don't want settlements, Martha; indeed, I won't have them."

Martha had never seen Mabel so resolute, and, to say truth, so irritable; and she partly guessed the cause. The idea of the disproportion of fortune was evidently weighing upon the poor girl's mind—wisely, then, Martha did not attempt to reason with her, but went straight to Mr. Simcoe.

"You like my Mabel," she said, "I know, and will gladly do her a service."

"Yes, indeed," replied the old gentleman, earnestly.

"Well, she is going to be married to Mr. Winthrop."

He nodded—he had heard the news, of course; nothing else was talked of, for the present, in Brackmere.

"You are a friend of his, and also a man of business. My innocent darling, because she has nothing of her own, insists upon being married without any settlements. This is foolish and quixotic, even so far as she herself is concerned; but there may be others unborn who may be wronged by it most grievously."

"She must be mad!" cried Mr. Simcoe. "You take my breath away, madam, which is what I can ill spare. Yes; I'll go to the man at once, and get this righted."

He called Mr. Winthrop "the man" now, being displeased with him as the successful rival of his son, and also because he began to see that he had been made a tool of; this visitor had in reality cared nothing for the saline particles on the Brackmere air, but only for an introduction to Miss Denham, which had been effected by his (Mr. Simcoe's) means. It was sorely against the grain, therefore, that he found himself calling at *The George* upon this gentleman, though it was upon no amiable errand.

As a very old friend of Miss Martha Barr's, and specially commissioned by her, he made bold to bring this unprecedented case of lack of settlements under Mr. Winthrop's notice.

"Miss Denham knows nothing of business matters, and I come to speak for her, though without her knowledge, and perhaps even contrary to her wish."

Mr. Winthrop waived that point, and quite admitted Mr. Simcoe's credentials.

Unhappily, however, he could make no provision such as was suggested. The Wapshot estate, though very large, was strictly entailed upon the heir—Horn Winthrop.

"Then," said Mr. Simcoe, decisively, "you must insure your life."

Mr. Winthrop went to his desk, and placed a document in the visitor's hands. It was a reply from a life-insurance company, declining Mr. Winthrop's proposal for a policy of five thousand pounds upon the ground that the examining doctor had pronounced him to have heart-disease.

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried Mr. Simcoe. For the moment, and in his great irritation, he credited "the man" with forgery, impersonation—any thing.

"Very likely," said Mr. Winthrop, quietly. "I am sure I hope it *is* nonsense; still, that is what the doctor says. I can't insure any where else, you know, after such testimony, since 'Have you ever made proposals to another office?' is always one of the questions."

"What do you mean to do, then, in order to insure this young lady a competence when you are dead? You are thirty years older than she is."

"Twenty-six," said Mr. Winthrop, blandly.

"Well, at all events, the great probability is that you will die first, even if you have not got this heart-disease."

Mr. Winthrop bowed, and laid his hand on the organ in question. Even Mr. Simcoe himself subsequently owned that "the man" had been most "politeful."

"Well, we can save something out of an income of eleven thousand a year, I hope; that is all that can be done, Mr. Simcoe. But, pray, assure our excellent friend, Miss Barr, that it shall be done."

There was nothing else to be said. Mr. Simcoe, although far from satisfied, could not deny that so large an income should admit of annually "putting by" a considerable sum; and, with a word of exhortation to that effect, which the other did not resent—its didactic tone, as being that of a senior to a junior, rather flattered him—the proprietor of Tiddliwinks withdrew.

He was, of course, unable to picture to himself a certain vision which rose up before Mr. Winthrop's eyes when he talked so complacently of "saving"—the swarthy and scowling features of his son Horn. The inroads of this young man upon the parental purse were like the demands of a highwayman—extortionate, importunate, and menacing. "Your money or—your reputation," was his cry. He was always, according to his own account, upon the point of being arrested, and of smirching the fair scutcheon of the Winthrops by contact with sheriff's officers and prison walls. The family pride of "the governor" was excessive, and gave his hopeful offspring a tremendous leverage. Perhaps the chief point of interest which Mr. Winthrop's paternal eye discerned in the existence of Horn was the fact that that young gentleman barred the Winthrops of Durham—a distant branch of the family, who had soiled their hands with trade—from succession to the entail.

There are some men who, "worse than the infidel," do not love even their only sons. It is, unhappily, not always possible. This lad had been a thorn in his father's side from his birth—or at least from the date of his arrival from Patagonia; and of late years, except when Mr. Winthrop was particularly enraged with him (for anger is a short courage), he had grown to be positively afraid of him. He had not yet written to him of his approaching marriage. "It was no business of Horn's," he argued; "he might surely marry whom he pleased without consulting his son." His mind misgave him upon that point, nevertheless; and, in the end, not twenty-four hours before the ceremony was actually to take place, he did write to inform Horn of the fact. "If you can get leave of absence, my dear boy, your presence on such an occasion will, of course, afford myself, and I may add Miss Denham also, the highest satisfaction." We know how promptly this invitation was accepted.

In the mean time almost every body else had heard the news. Mabel's little house could scarcely contain the costly presents that poured into it from all quarters; mainly, indeed, from Mr. Winthrop's friends, who were personally unknown to her, but also from her own. Lady Morecombe, for example, sent her an exquisite set of jewelry, with "one of the sweetest letters you can imagine," as Miss Jennings termed it, to whom it was shown in confidence by Martha.

"There is certainly an—I don't know what—in the way which people of quality have of doing things," observed the former lady, "that, as it were, enhances every thing. Don't you think so, eh?"

"Perhaps so," replied Martha, dryly; "but what strikes *me* is rather their extraordinary munificence, which only exhibits itself where there is no vulgar necessity for its display."

"Just so," assented Miss Jennings, eagerly; "there is no vulgarity about them. Would you mind my looking at her ladyship's note over again, and cutting off the crest? I do so dote on crests and mottoes."

Mrs. Marshall sent a "cosey," or tea-pot warmer, the nature and use of which puzzled the bridegroom to excess, which she had knitted with her own hands. The construction of these articles of luxury was, in fact, her principal "resource" when times were dull, and she had always a large stock of them, "especially suitable for marriage and birthday gifts." *She* also expressed her congratulations upon the auspicious occasion, and solemnly promised that, when in the North (as she hoped to be in the autumn), she would never pass Wapshot—as though it had been a public-house on the Great York Road—without looking in upon her dearest Mabel.

From China, but not, of course, till long after the marriage, came a shawl of dazzling splendor, manufactured, apparently, from the wings of dragon-flies, which must have cost the Pennants a year's income.

Mr. Simcoe's gift was of so costly a nature that Mrs. Bannacre excused herself to her friends from giving any thing—"Miss Denham having got quite enough out of my family already, I think."

Miss Jennings, who was short of ready money, offered her own private poll-parrot; but, since it lived on a bar, and had no cage, there were difficulties in the way of its transit, and the noble bird was civilly but firmly declined.

Lastly, on the very morning of the marriage, arrived a magnificent *cadeau*, with Mr. Horn Winthrop's "regards and congratulations."

It was afterward whispered that the young gentleman and his father had had rather a stormy interview at *The George*; but, nevertheless, the former, waxed and scented to the uttermost, was present at the ceremony, during which it was remarked that he regarded the bride much as Mephistopheles looked at Margaret in church.

The marriage was "performed" at St. Etheldreda's with full choral service, the place of the officiating minister being supplied by a stranger, in consequence of the sudden and severe indisposition of the Rev. Claude Simcoe. There was no wedding-breakfast; the happy pair departing at once for London, where they proposed to spend the honey-moon.

Mr. Horn spent the rest of his week's leave at Brackmere, no doubt for the sake of the sea-air and the scenery.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A VOLUNTEER'S WELCOME.

MABEL had never been to London in her life until she visited it as a bride. Mr. Winthrop had taken the first-floor of a hotel in one of those dull but fashionable streets, out of which you emerge at once as from a quiet side-stream into the full current of town-life. The ceaseless roar of the great city pervaded it, but no vulgar traffic passed the threshold. A dwelling thus situated invites to retrospect and reflection, like a rock in the midst of the sea, and to escape the thoughts that intruded upon her when alone Mabel was not unwilling to partake of the gayeties to which her husband constantly invited her. He was *blasé* with such things himself; but it was a pleasure to him to see the glasses leveled at Mabel, as she sat beside him at opera and theatre, and to say to himself, "This is my wife." He was one of those men who, without possessing a single friend, have a large circle of acquaintances; and among them Mrs. Winthrop was voted "a great acquisition." She was undoubtedly a brilliant ornament. Though, at one time, a simple dress of white muslin, with a single white rose in her hair, had been considered by all who beheld her in it to be the garb most appropriate to her, it was now universally observed that Mrs. Winthrop's beauty was of that kind which "pays" for splendor. One of those wicked old dowagers who retain their popularity in the world of fashion down to the grave's mouth by the flicker of a cruel tongue, once observed of her that "Mrs. Winthrop looked as if she had stolen her clothes;" but the fact was that her simplicity of air was preserved, though she looked a princess.

The great Colonel Chatterton, on the other hand, an undoubted authority upon female beauty, since he had had three wives of his own, and had run away with several belonging to other people, pronounced her to be the most beautiful bride of the season, and congratulated his friend Winthrop upon his "good taste," as though Mabel had been the diamond gift that she was wearing. This colonel, though he "made up" surprisingly, was no longer a terror to husbands, since he had ceased to "make up" to their wives; he had recently taken to a raven wig, a set of magnificent teeth, and was grown stouter in his calves. He had a trembling in all his limbs which invited the commiseration of the stranger; but "It is not drink, Sir, *as you think*," was the gallant officer's curt explanation on such occasions, "but the effects of a ball in my head received at Badajos;" and then he would snatch his wig off and show you the lump in his bald crown. The present Mrs. Chatterton was not much over fifty years of age, and affected to flirt with Mr. Winthrop, which afforded her husband much amusement. She was never tired of dissipation, and had a faculty of sitting up at night that a newspaper compositor might have envied. When "those husbands of ours" were not in attendance—which, to do Mr. Winthrop justice, was in his case but very seldom—she would carry Mabel out with her in a triumphal progress through the Park, or a morning concert (late in the afternoon) at Lady Solfa's, or to a bazar at Philanthropy House in aid of the mission among the Aztecs. She did not care where it was, so long as there was a crowd. "We shall have enough of being alone, my dear," she was wont to say, "when we come to lie in our graves;" and, though time was not so much an object in that respect with Mabel, she was willing enough, for other reasons, to be Mrs. Chatterton's companion. Gayety, like laughing-gas, renders one insensible for the time to pain, even though it be the heart-ache. As the summer progressed, expeditions were planned into the country; or at least so far out of town as Greenwich and Richmond. The insatiate Mrs. Chatterton suggested that they should all visit Wimbledon, where the Volunteers were encamped. "We can not go there alone, my dear, so you must persuade our husbands to accompany us; and the colonel will need all your arts, because he has a prejudice against what he calls 'those toy soldiers.'" The colonel, however, was easily persuaded; indeed, he was delighted to have the opportunity of telling Mabel that she could "wind him round her little finger." But Mr. Winthrop was more obdurate. He was very careful about the state of his health, and declared himself to be "subject" to all kinds of small ailments, such as cold and palpitation. Wimbledon was in an exposed situation, and the tents were always full of draughts. The noise of those guns was enough to deafen one. Mabel would have made no further effort to persuade him, had it not been for Mrs. Chatterton, but, urged by her, she did so; and her husband gave way, though not with a very good grace.

The four drove down together on a certain afternoon, which Mrs. Chatterton protested had been made for the purpose, and which was in perfection of fair weather of which English skies exhibit some half a dozen specimens

per annum. The tents glistened in the sunshine; the only clouds in the blue air were the wreaths of smoke that issued from the rifles' mouths.

THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN.

LETTER FROM JUDGE REYNOLDS IN DEFENSE OF DR. LANAHAN.

To the Editor of the New York Times:

On returning home, after an absence of several days, I find an editorial article in the *Christian Advocate* of this week, on that now hackneyed subject, "The Methodist Book Concern," which contains such an attack on Dr. Lanahan and myself as to call for some measure of self-defense. And as it appears that the Sub-committee have adjourned *sine die*, this seems to be the proper time to correct some of the many misstatements which have, within a few weeks, appeared in that paper, or which bear internal evidence of having been inspired from that quarter. This is not the occasion to speak on the merits of the main question, except to remark, in passing, that when the trial of Dr. Lanahan was so abruptly ended it was generally supposed that the Sub-committee then constituted, and the accountants to be selected, were to investigate complaints which had been made, and were still adhered to, as to alleged *fraudulent* "business arrangements and methods;" but now comes the editorial writer, with Dr. Curry's indorsement, and says that no such thing was intended by the Book Committee. On the question of their intention I believe him, for this writer, though not one of the Committee, is in a position to know of their purposes; but it leaves the Committee in the sorry plight of having torn out the very vitals of the whole investigation, and then called one of the Bishops of the Church, and three of their own number, to convene in New York from distant points, and canvass days and nights over the selection of accountants, all for the purpose, not of satisfying the Church as to the truth of Dr. Lanahan's charges, but simply to inspect the *forms* of business under an administration now so near its end. The public will not justify all this expenditure of time and money for any such puerile object as this.

But my present business is mainly with the dealings between this Sub-committee and Mr. Fancher and myself. When they first met, they had before them the names of quite a number of accountants, highly recommended, and in every way uncommitted; and, although they proposed to have three, they reported only one for approval, naming for the position of chief accountant a gentleman whose integrity and general capacity I did not question, but who, some years since, had, in a report made by him, pronounced the books correct. *He was also to select his assistants.* On inquiry, I was informed by disinterested persons that his relations were such as to raise still stronger objections to his being placed in a position to control the investigation. This must not be understood as implying any imputation upon his personal character, but it compelled me to refuse concurrence in his appointment. I shortly after sent a note to the Sub-committee, suggesting that each side in the controversy should name an equal number of accountants, say three or four, leaving the Committee to select one from each list, and also to appoint some well-known gentleman of high standing as chief accountant.

The Committee adjourned, and "made no sign" in response, except to propound as a law question, to Mr. Fancher and myself, whether, in the investigation, the Book Committee had a right to go back of 1868, the time of their appointment. This was answered in the affirmative by myself—I have never heard how by Mr. Fancher; but the raising of the question by those representing the majority of the Book Committee was quite significant.

The editorial in the next *Advocate*, after the adjournment of the Sub-committee, contained a pointed attack on Dr. Lanahan and myself, in reply to which I sent a brief note, explaining the grounds of my action, with as little particularity as possible, and giving no names; but this Dr. Curry refused to publish, though it is due to him to say that his refusal was on the ground of *his hating such personal matters*. The article last alluded to throws a great light upon the inability of the Committee to fix on other names. The Doctor (Curry) says: "Respecting the other names considered by the Committee, we only know that none of them received the approval of all parties concerned." Neither Dr. Lanahan nor his friends were consulted, so it is easy to see who were the parties concerned, who could not be suited with any body, but the only one named.

Now, to come directly to the article in the *Advocate* of this date. It is stated that the Sub-committee selected a Western gentleman (one formerly connected with the Western Book Concern, it should have stated) as chief accountant, "that Bishop Scott was ready to approve him, and so was Mr. Fancher," and that *two* of the Committee voted to nominate two others as assistant accountants. The writer must have known that the committee, *as such*, and as a whole (by what vote I am not informed), nominated *all three, and that the same paper contained the three names*, without distinction, except that one was chief, and the others assistants. Bishop Scott was "ready to approve" all three. I did give such approval on condition that the selection should be taken as so made up; but Mr. Fancher refused, objecting, as he says, to "approving of them by the bulk, and insisted on the propriety of judging each by his separate merits." He states no other reason in his card. Why, then, did he not pass upon the separate merits of each? What is the point of this objection, except that if I had unconditionally approved of all three "by the bulk," as I was asked to do by the Committee, Mr. Fancher could have selected one to suit his clients, as he did? and that would have been one step gained to their side, after which the other two would be easy in the same direction. The article goes on to say that the next day the Committee again made unanimous choice of the gentleman from the West. I am told on good authority that his name was not again acted upon. How it helps the matter, if it did, it is difficult to see. I was telegraphed to know if I approved of Mr. K——, and responded again, as I had before, in writing. The writer, from these facts, says that both adjournments of the Committee were occasioned by the refusal of Dr. Lanahan's counsel, and that "he will not permit his proofs to see the light unless he can select two out of three of the examiners," and this, too, although he has not yet named one.

To call this pettifogging is a mere euphemism. Learning for the first time, from the article in question, that Mr. Fancher had proposed to *members* of the Committee, that either of the two gentlemen whom he had approved be appointed chief accountant, and that, joined with him, should be one accountant chosen by the Agent (Dr. Carlton), and another by the Assistant Agent, Dr. Lanahan immediately notified Dr. Carlton, in writing, that he would accept Mr. Fancher's proposition, or that Dr. Carlton might name both the chief and one assistant, Dr. Lanahan to name the other. At the latest advices no answer has been made.

Why has it been impossible, after all this labor, to find only two men this side of the Rocky Mountains who could be accepted by Mr. Fancher? Did not Bishop Scott urge the Committee to remain and nominate others? The cheap threat at the end of the article is certainly ill-advised. If there is nothing wrong in the Book Concern, any number of men of our selection can not find it, especially when under the control of a chief in whom the other party has such confidence. It is much easier to conceal than to create. Truly Dr. Curry was right when he said that to outsiders "it looks very much like a game how not to do it."

It should be known that since the adjournment of the Book Committee in January Dr. Carlton has kept an extra accountant employed upon the books, under his private instructions, which certainly seems contrary to all ideas of propriety. Dr. Lanahan, it is true, was permitted to examine the books, and take abstracts therefrom, preparatory to his trial; but now, if the books are on trial, they are to be tested—not by the employés of the Agent. During all this controversy Dr. Lanahan has been compelled, week after week, to read violent attacks upon his conduct and motives, in the very paper which bears his name as one of the publishers, and he can not speak in defense through its columns, though even the book-keeper under him is permitted to add his voice to the general din. His zeal, however, is according to knowledge; for, although Dr. Carlton had repeatedly refused to raise his salary, saying they could not afford to pay more than he was receiving, the books show that on the 30th day of November, 1870—after the suspension of Dr. Lanahan, and when *his trial was approaching*—this book-keeper—Grant by name—received an addition of $2000 to his personal property by an increase of salary, $1000 of which was conveniently spread back over the year 1869. This sudden appreciation of his services is very suggestive to the reflecting mind.

G. G. Reynolds.

Brooklyn, *Thursday, April 6*, 1871.

A CLUB OF PARIS REDS.

The Paris clubs, which, since 1789, have always had a revolutionary tendency, have been the cause of much of the ill feeling and discontent with which the Paris populace seem to be so thoroughly imbued. During the siege the most bitter invectives were launched against the government by the various radical orators who would hold forth at these meetings, until things rose to such a pitch that all such gatherings were temporarily prohibited. After the capitulation, however, the prohibition was removed, and then great were the debates on the various deeds and misdeeds of the authorities. Indeed, the immense radical majority which was obtained in the Parisian elections to the National Assembly was mainly owing to the great influence which the Red orators obtained at these meetings. During the armistice, also, the entry of the Prussians was energetically discussed and vehemently objected to, and the various measures for defending Montmartre, Belleville, and the other ultra quarters were originated at these *réunions* by the leaders of the radical party, who saw in the then disturbed state of the popular mind a good opportunity for inveighing against the treachery of the government, advocating the cause of radicalism, and, perhaps, by overturning the existing *régime*, fairly establishing their own faction in power. Since the evacuation the vehemence of these assemblies has increased instead of diminishing, the theories there promulgated have been carried into practical effect, and at the moment we write the Jacobin clubs rule Paris.

The number of small places of amusement in Paris greatly assists the formation of these clubs. A *café chantant*, or some such *salle*, is usually selected for the place of meeting. Here the members assemble, paying a mere nominal sum for admission, and applaud or hiss the various orators who proclaim their own views on the state of affairs, and propose remedies which, if taken in time, would prove to be infallible. The most extraordinary stories are related of the evil doings of the authorities—the radicals are lauded to the skies, while their more conservative opponents are declared to be traitors to their country, and only fit for the guillotine. The indiscriminate use of this instrument is especially advocated, and innumerable plans for reviving the good old times of 1793 are invented, proposed, discussed, and usually carried by acclamation. In some select clubs, however, the language and opinions are more moderate; but these, unfortunately, are few, and the generality of the meetings advocate ultra doctrines, and maintain that Paris has been betrayed. One orator went so far in a recent meeting as to settle the exact sum each member of the government had received for the capitulation. The sketch on our first page was taken in a *café chantant*, which was used as the club-house of the neighborhood. "The principal features of the scene," writes the artist, "were pipes, shaggy beards, red belts, and excessively dirty hands."

LO! THE POOR INDIAN.

In dealing with the aboriginal inhabitants of this country, we have practically acted on the idea that Indians have no rights which white men are bound to respect. We steal their land. We make treaties only to break them. With the government subsidies we send agents to plunder them. We drive them away from their ancient hunting-grounds, and won't suffer them to live in peace on the new ones. In short, the history of our dealings with the Indians is one of uninterrupted injustice and wrong-doing. Mr. Nast, who is a universal philanthropist, appears as the champion of this long-suffering race, and in the spirited cartoon to be found on page 361 makes a manly plea for justice toward them. While we welcome to the polls the representatives of every clime and nationality, from the Caucasian to the Hottentot, why, he asks, should we exclude the original owners of the soil? Is not Red Cloud also a man and a brother?

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

In China there exists a custom of holding in every provincial capital a triennial examination of candidates who have already received a scholastic degree, and are known as literary graduates. These examinations are conducted in halls, all of which are constructed on the same general plan. The great hall at Canton is 1330 feet long, and 583½ feet wide. It is surrounded by a high wall, the entrance being by two gates. The hall consists essentially of ranges of cells for the candidates, and apartments for the examining officers. Each cell is a minute private room, containing a plank for a bed at night, and a seat and table for day. The hall at Canton contains 8653 cells. The candidates are allowed nothing but pen, ink, and paper. The examination season is divided into three sessions of three days each. At the beginning of each session texts are given, upon which a certain number of essays are demanded. These essays, on being delivered to the proper officers, are sealed up, the name, age, and residence of each candidate being written upon each, and they are then copied in red ink by a staff of a thousand clerks. After these are compared with the originals, and pass through various circumlocutions, they at length reach the examiners, who select the best and submit them to the inspection of the Imperial Commissioners. These Commissioners give the final verdict as to which possess superior merit. The names of the successful candidates are publicly announced, a feast is given them, and they are received every where with honor. Such is the nature of a public examination in China.

The Library of Congress has during the past year received an addition of 12,441 volumes. It now has 197,668 volumes, and about 30,000 pamphlets. Two copies of every copyrighted book must be deposited by the publisher in the Library of Congress. In England a copy is sent to the British Museum.

England has no less than fourteen establishments for the construction of iron ships. How many has America?

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will have no occasion to look after the six equine pets of one Mr. Marsh, who recently died at Passaic, New Jersey. A large share of an estate of $400,000 he has left by will for the use and benefit of his horses. One might infer that these are valuable horses. But no; some of them are old and almost worthless. But they were the old bachelor's best friends, and so he bought a farm for their use, which is set aside as the terrestrial paradise for the six horses during the next ten years. A generous sum is to be expended each year in extra provender of a superior kind; twelve hundred dollars per annum is to remunerate a man for rubbing down the equines, and two gentlemen receive a bequest of ten thousand dollars each in case they see that all the conditions of the will are properly carried out.

Great excitement has been produced by the recent discovery of a quantity of human bones on Dustin Island, near Concord, New Hampshire. This island is notable as the scene of the heroic exploit of Mrs. Dustin, in 1697, when, after being taken prisoner by the Indians, she killed ten of her captors. No one has been buried on the island for fifty years. The bones are pronounced of the Indian type, and the query is, are they those of the Indians Mrs. Dustin killed?

A large part of the work of the Howard Mission is to receive, wash, feed, clothe, and educate homeless, vagrant, and needy children. There are three classes of these under the care of the Mission—those whom the Mission is authorized to send to proper homes or situations, those who need a shelter only till friends can provide for them, and those who receive care and instruction during the day but sleep elsewhere. Connected with the Mission is a "Day Nursery," where mothers who go out to work during the day can leave their little children until their return.

It seems incredible that a man could be capable of calling his son "Eli Lama Sabachthani," or "Maher-shalalhashbaz;" but that such is the fact is asserted by an English writer, who, having evidently had a plenty of time, and free access to the records of the Registrar-General's office, has prepared a very amusing paper concerning English Christian names. Among other curiosities contained in these records are a "Green Leaf," "Shooting Gallery," "Lucky Day," "Sing Song," "Tempestuous Stinger," "Giddy Edwards," "Talitha Cumi," "Holy Davies," "Choice Pickerel"—names which seemed to have been fastened on helpless children as a mere joke, and for which infliction a child might reasonably be authorized to claim damages of a parent when he becomes of age. Turning from the record of these outrageous appellations, it is an interesting fact that two-thirds of English children are called by one of twenty-five names, which, for the benefit of parents who desire not to bestow upon their children a name *too* common, we give in the order of their popularity: Mary, William, John, Elizabeth, Thomas, George, Sarah, James, Charles, Henry, Alice, Joseph, Ann, Jane, Ellen, Emily, Frederick, Annie, Margaret, Emma, Eliza, Robert, Arthur, Alfred, Edward.

The English are slow, according to American ideas. An account of the German entry into Paris was conveyed by special messenger to London, involving the cost of two special railroad trains for a distance of 255 miles, and the use of a steamboat for a trip of twenty-two miles across the Channel. This occupied ten hours and a half, and the news only reached London at the same time as it was conveyed by telegraph all over the United States.

When the Boston jail was built, at an expense of $450,000, it was remarked that it cost the city more to provide for her prisoners in jail than it would to board them at the Revere House.

The managers of the Edinburgh Infirmary have again voted that women shall have no educational advantages in that institution; their argument being that admitting them would interfere with the objects of the institution, which are, besides relieving the sick, supplying "young gentlemen" with opportunities of medical studies.

There are no medicines left in Paris. Drugs of the rarer sort have almost entirely disappeared, and the supply of even the commoner articles is wholly inadequate to the demand.

It is well to remember that in cases of kerosene fires an attempt to extinguish the flames with water will only spread the fire. Instead, smother the flames with blankets, woolen cloths, quilts, shawls, or whatever may be at hand.

The mother of the Rothschilds attained the age of ninety-eight; her wit, which was remarkable, and her intellectual faculties, which were of no common order, being preserved to the end. In her last illness, when surrounded by her family, her physician being present, she said, in a suppliant tone, to the latter: "Dear doctor, try to do something for me." "Madame, what can I do? I can't make you young again." "No, doctor, I don't want to be young again, but I want to continue to grow old."

A resident of Taunton, Massachusetts, has obtained ice for his own summer use in a novel manner, for several winters past. He should have given the recipe to the public earlier in the season, and then people might have been quite independent of ice companies. The process is as follows: He procures about fifty empty flour barrels, at a cost of twenty cents each, and gradually pours in water until each contains a solid mass of ice. The barrels are then put away in his cellar and entirely covered with sawdust. As ice is required a barrel is tapped.

Church's "Jerusalem," which has for a little time been on exhibition at Goupil's Gallery, was painted to order for Hon. Thomas Alleyn, of Hartford, Connecticut, and will be the first canvas placed in his new gallery. This painting is about the size of the "Heart of the Andes," which will be vividly remembered by many of our readers, and represents a spring view, taken from the Mount of Olives. The point of view chosen by the artist is one which allows nearly all the objects of interest in and around Jerusalem to be comprehended in a single glance. The picture is executed with the artist's usual skill and care, and the subject is of peculiar interest at the present time, when recent researches indicate that many valuable disclosures concerning the Holy City are to be revealed.

Readers, according to Coleridge, are divided into four classes: those who allow their reading, like the sand in the hour-glass, to run in and out without leaving a vestige behind; those who, like the sponge, imbibe every thing, and return it a little dirtier than before; those who, like a jelly-bag, allow all that is pure to pass away, and retain only the refuse; and those who, like slaves in the Golconda diamond mines, cast away all that is worthless, and preserve only the pure gem.

The wonder is that spontaneous combustion does not occur every day, when the human body is said to contain phosphorus enough for four hundred ordinary two-cent packages of matches! Fortunately, there is not quite enough sulphur for the matches.

The Young Men's Christian Association of San Francisco has had a benevolent plan of helping the ignorant and careless out of difficulty, by paying the postage on letters dropped into the office where it was evident the stamp was unintentionally omitted. Over two thousand letters have been thus forwarded by the Association during the past three months. During the same time, however, more than a thousand were left to their fate, there being indications that the writers of them expected the Association to take care of them.

Some small satisfaction is it to know that English railway companies do not mutilate and kill their passengers with entire impunity. During the past year a total sum of £333,715 was expended by railway companies in the United Kingdom as compensation for personal injury. How many hurts this sum covers it would be impossible to say.

A letter from the South African diamond fields states that most of the diamonds found are flawed, very few, indeed, being perfect gems.

Johnny, a little fellow who went to church one day, with an injunction from his mother to remember the text, did better than many grown-up persons do. His version, on coming home, was: "Why d'ye stand round here doing nuffin for? Go into my barn-yard and work; I'll make it all right with you." It was not far out of the way in its meaning.

The town of Amherst, in Massachusetts, has followed the example of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and other places, in introducing English sparrows, in the hope of establishing a colony of these birds.

REV. JOHN HALL, D.D.

The Rev. John Hall, D.D., the eloquent and popular pastor of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York, is of Scotch descent. His ancestors removed from Scotland to the north of Ireland in one of those extensive emigrations which gave character to the province of Ulster, distinguishing it, as Protestant, from the south of Ireland, which is almost wholly Roman Catholic. He was born in the County Armagh, on the 31st of July, 1829, in the home occupied by his family for six successive generations. His father was an elder in the Presbyterian Church, and a man of influence in the ecclesiastical courts as well as in the circle of his own parish. The son, of course, was well indoctrinated in the Westminster Confession of Faith, but he also received a thorough classical and literary training, and was prepared to enter Belfast College at the early age of thirteen. Though not distinguished either for close application or eminent attainments during his college course, he carried off the prize in Hebrew, which perhaps was an indication of the field of study and of effort in which his talents were to be most conspicuously employed.

After his graduation he began to take a more serious view of human life and of its grand purposes. He became a communicant in the Church of his fathers, and entered upon a course of study preparatory to the Christian ministry. In his theological curriculum he was the foremost student of his class, uniformly taking the prize in the voluntary examinations. He was licensed to preach the Gospel by the Presbytery of Belfast, in June, 1849, and at once accepted a call, not from a congregation, but from his own class, to become their missionary to a station among a Roman Catholic population in the west of Ireland. It was a trying service to a youth of twenty years, fresh from the academic halls, but he was equal to the position, and while his ministrations were telling upon the people to whom he was sent, he was gathering strength in this school of discipline and study. He was under the necessity of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the system of Romanism, and in such a practical manner as few Protestant clergymen have learned it. This training was of great service to him when he was afterward called to occupy a more distinguished position in his native land, and it is one of his many qualifications for the advanced post which he now holds in his adopted country.

On the 30th of January, 1852, he was installed pastor of the church at Armagh, the capital of the county of the same name, and the seat of the archiepiscopal see of the Primate of all Ireland. Of his residence here his successor, in a published historical discourse, says: "Youthful, healthful, and vigorous, he devoted himself most earnestly to all departments of pastoral work. Laboring unceasingly all day, and studying frequently all night, his influence soon began to tell upon the community." From this charge he was called, in 1858, to the pastoral of the church of Mary's Abbey, now Rutland Square, in the city of Dublin, where he took his stand among the first preachers of the Irish capital, and among its foremost men in the world of letters and in public influence. He continued to be a close student, not confined to the branches of learning most obviously connected with his professional life, but giving careful attention to those matters of science which some of the brilliant intellects of the Old World, as well as the New, have attempted to turn against the Bible. His power and influence were soon acknowledged, and not long after his removal to Dublin he received from the Queen the honorary office of Commissioner of Education for Ireland, performing its responsible duties, without fee or reward, until his removal to his present field of labor, and exerting himself, with distinguished success, to secure to his countrymen an undenominational education and literature. While occupying this position his name was proposed for the Moderatorship of the Irish General Assembly. Although personally popular, and receiving a warm support from those who agreed with him in sentiment, he was defeated on the ground of his opposition to religious establishments, having already taken the American ground on this subject. But he enjoyed in after years what to a noble mind is a prouder satisfaction, that of seeing the complete triumph of the principles he advocated and represented in his nomination.

REV. JOHN HALL, D.D.—[Photographed by Rockwood & Co.]

In the spring of 1867 he was appointed a delegate, by the Irish General Assembly, to the Presbyterian churches of this country. Arriving in this city, he went immediately to Cincinnati, where the Old School General Assembly was in session. His eloquent speech on the occasion of his reception, which was one of the striking incidents of that Assembly, will never be forgotten by any who heard it. He was welcomed by the New School Assembly at Rochester with the same warm-hearted cordiality, and also by other Presbyterian bodies. The congregation over which he now ministers had no opportunity to see his face or hear his voice during his stay in this country, but such was the impression he made every where that, on coming together in the fall of the year, they made out a unanimous call, which was sent to him by the ocean cable. It was at once accepted, so deeply had he become interested in our country during his visit. The arrangements for his removal were speedily made, and on the 3d of November, 1867, he commenced his ministrations in the church of which he is now the honored pastor. He was installed on the evening of the same day.

From the first Dr. Hall has secured the warmest affections of his people, and the deeply interested attention of all who have come within the range of his voice or influence. His church is crowded in all weather and on all occasions. His week-day lectures and his Bible class instructions have been attended not only by the members of his own pastoral charge, but by representatives of all denominations. He has greatly promoted the cause of Christian unity simply by bringing together, to listen to his earnest words, the members of other churches when it did not interfere with attendance on their own church services.

Dr. Hall is not an eloquent preacher in a common acceptation of the term. He indulges in no flights of fancy or of rhetoric; but from

CALIFORNIA TERMINUS OF THE CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.—[See Page 366.]

the moment that he rises to speak he rivets the attention of his hearers by his clear common-sense, his solid words of instruction tersely stated, his weighty arguments drawn from the magazine of Divine truth, and his pungent appeals, uttered with a pathos peculiarly his own, and with an intense earnestness, which at times breaks out almost in a cry of distress, that pierces the hearts of his hearers. His preaching is perfectly simple. With all the wealth of learning and power of language that he has at command, he speaks only in the language of the people. His discourses abound in the most happy illustrations, drawn from the wide range of his reading, but they are introduced to illustrate the subject, and not the speaker.

Dr. HALL is in constant request as a public speaker—on the platform as well as in the pulpit—and none is more sure to draw a crowded house; but he never speaks without having something to say, or without saying it well and to the point. Consequently he always attracts the full attention of his audience, and always makes a strong impression.

We close this sketch with an extract from an article written by one of the ablest of the *Quarterly Reviewers*, on the occasion of Dr. HALL'S leaving Dublin to come to this country: "For nine years he was occupied in raising Dublin Presbyterianism to that proud and commanding position it held in the days when JOSEPH BOYSE preached to a thousand hearers in Wood Street, including the DAMERS and LANGFORDS and LOFTUSES of high descent; and for eighteen years he has been conspicuous, in the ranks of his brethren, not merely for great eloquence and great force of character, but as a man of unblemished integrity, of tried courage, of large benevolence, of unaffected piety—a man whose views were always tolerant and liberal, his convictions deep and hearty, with few antipathies and many sympathies, yet his career, in all its stages, marked by decision. We can think of his life proudly and thankfully, as of the course of a river filling its channel from bank to bank, moving onward by the force of its own ample stream, and, with effortless ministry, watering the fields and the flowers on either side."

PEACE CELEBRATION IN BERLIN.

BERLIN EXULTANT.

ON July 16, 1870, Berlin was profusely illuminated in honor of the declaration of war. On March 3, 1871, the town was still more resplendent with flaming devices and myriads of little lamps, this time, however, in honor of the brilliant victories of the past eight months, and of the conclusion of an advantageous peace. Still, widely as these two occasions differed, the features of both scenes were the same, and on neither evening was there any great sign of excitement, further than a large crowd quietly parading the streets, phlegmatically gazing at the various illuminations, and stopping at an occasional *bier-halle* or *gasthaus* for the relished *seidel* of

beer, which, with the Berliner, replaces the inevitable *petit verre* of the Parisian. No noisy demonstrations of defiance or elation took place on either evening; the demeanor of the crowd was always calm, and the only bursts of feeling they permitted themselves were a few patriotic choruses, and a hearty cheer for their rulers as the royal palace was passed. Here, however, on the latter evening, their cry was significantly changed. In July the shout was "Long live WILHELM, *König von Preussen*;" but in March the cry was for *der Kaiser*, the Emperor of Germany.

Although calm and placid, the joy of the Berliners on the latter occasion was intense, and the poorest persons testified their patriotism, not as in Paris, by unmeaning shouts and turbulent processions, but in improvising some species of illumination to show their exultation at their country's success. Not that the illumination was official, nor had it even been proposed by the police—the movement was entirely spontaneous; but, had it been announced a month beforehand, it could not have been more general. The more wealthy mansions sparkled with gorgeous devices of bi-headed eagles, sturdy Germanias, enormous laurel wreaths, and innumerable stars and crowns; while the more modest inhabitants ornamented their balconies and windows with variegated oil-lamps, or the familiar candle hidden in a Chinese lantern. The public buildings were tastefully decorated with a careful eye to architectural effect, and here the Rathhaus or Town Hall was specially notable. As may be seen in the sketch, every window and cornice were traced out with a brilliant line of light; and powerful red lamps, which were visible for many miles round, were placed on the tower. To add to the liveliness of the scene, the Crown Princess and the other princesses rode about inspecting the illuminations, and were greeted with hearty cheers as they were recognized by the crowd.

The weather was most favorable, and rarely, if indeed ever, had Berlin assumed such an air of universal rejoicing. Every inhabitant did his best toward the demonstration; and if the illumination be taken as a sample of their feeling, the termination of the war was, in spite of the meaningless grumbles of a few journals, highly satisfactory.

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD TERMINUS.

WE give on page 364 an illustration of the Overland Railroad wharf at Oakland, California, extending across the San Francisco Bay toward Goat Island. It has a total length of 10,500 feet, or nearly two miles from the water-line at Oakland. The extension is 3609 feet long, 2600 feet of which is wide enough for three tracks. The last 1200 feet of the wharf is wide enough for twelve tracks, and has at least two mammoth freight sheds upon it, 600 to 800 feet in length. There is a slip at the end of the wharf, having ample accommodations for four of the largest vessels afloat, the *Great Eastern* alone excepted. There are two slips for the passenger and freight steamers, with a depth of twenty-four feet of water at low tide.

Between the eastern side of Goat Island and the railroad wharf there is a deep-water channel, having a depth of forty feet at low tide. When vessels come into this port with special cargoes of tea or other merchandise for shipment overland, they go into the railroad slips and put their cargoes directly aboard the cars; and thus the smallest possible amount of handling is incurred, and freight expenses kept at the lowest possible figures. The wharf was finished by the first of June last. The cost of the wharf structures exceeds $1,000,000. The timber, piling, etc., were brought from the summit of the Sierra Nevada and Puget Sound.

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W. KELLY, of Amsterdam, N.Y., earned with a Wheeler & Wilson, in 14 years, $14,564, making coats. An average of more than $20 a week.—[*Com.*]

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is a sure guarantee that by the same means you too may be strengthened and restored. But to those who stand in peril of epidemics, to all who, by reason of exposure, privations, and uncongenial climate or unhealthy pursuits, may at any moment be stricken down, this paragraph is most *particularly* and *emphatically* addressed. You, who are thus situated, are proffered an absolute safeguard against the danger that menaces you. Tone and regulate the system with this harmless medicinal stimulant and alterative, and you will be forearmed against the maladies whose seeds float around you in the air unseen.

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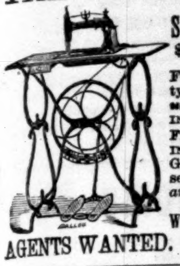

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NEW LOAN OF THE UNITED STATES.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir: The subscription to the new 5 per cent. Loan of the United States reported at the Treasury amounts to $53,000,000. The Schedule of the Public Debt of April 1 shows a reduction since March 1, in the principal of $11,011,251, and in the interest charge upon the Debt of $515,537 per annum. The following table exhibits the progress of reduction in the Public Debt and in the annual interest charge thereon since the Debt reached its maximum at the close of the War of the Rebellion:

PROGRESS OF REDUCTION OF PUBLIC DEBT OF UNITED STATES.

	Maximum War Debt, July 31, 1865.	Debt at close of last Adm'n, March 1, 1869.	Present Outstanding Debt, April 1, 1871.
Five-twenty six per cent. stock	$606,569,500	$1,602,587,350	$1,416,088,850
Other six per cent. stocks	302,301,042	283,677,400	283,678,100
Ten-forty five per cent. stock	172,770,100	194,567,300	194,567,300
Other five per cent. stock	27,022,000	27,022,000	20,000,000
Three-year 7.30 per cent. notes	830,000,000	....	....
Three-year six per cent. notes	212,121,470	....	....
Total funded	$2,150,784,112	$2,107,854,050	$1,914,344,250
Greenback notes	$473,114,799	$356,021,073	$356,098,621
Greenback certificates	205,822,845	71,140,000	53,493,000
Gold certificates	....	28,775,560	25,261,460
Fractional currency	25,750,032	36,781,547	40,340,445
Past-due notes and bonds	17,263,120	6,422,464	3,162,502
Total Treasury circulation	$721,950,796	$499,140,644	$478,356,028
Less gold in Treasury	35,337,858	98,741,261	105,697,800
	$686,612,938	$400,399,383	$372,658,228
Less currency balance	81,401,775	16,853,529	18,686,247
Net Treasury circulation	$605,211,163	$383,545,854	$353,971,981
Total principal of debt	$2,755,995,275	$2,491,399,904	$2,268,316,231
Yearly interest, in gold	$64,419,628	$124,255,350	$112,714,982
Yearly interest, in currency	87,412,423	2,134,200	1,621,570
Total amount of interest charge	$151,832,051	$126,389,550	$114,336,552

The results of the above exhibit are as follows:

Principal of debt, 1865	$2,755,995,275
Paid under Johnson	264,595,371
Principal, March 4, 1869	$2,491,399,904
Paid under Grant	223,083,673
Present public debt	$2,268,316,231
Interest charge, 1865	151,832,051
Reduced in four years by payment and funding	25,442,501
Interest charge, 1869	$126,389,550
Reduced in two years by payment	12,052,998
Present interest charge	$114,336,552

The proposed further reduction of the annual interest charge upon the public debt by the funding is as follows:

By exchange of $500,000,000 U. S. 6 per cents for new five per cents of 1881	$5,000,000
By exchange of $300,000,000 U. S. 6 per cents for 4½ per cents of 1886	4,500,000
By exchange of $700,000,000 U. S. 6 per cents for 4 per cents of 1901	14,000,000
Total saving per annum by refunding	$23,500,000

New York, *April* 8, 1871. C. C. N.

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A FRESH GRAVE IN KENSAL GREEN.

—By M. D. CONWAY.

ALTHOUGH Nathaniel Hawthorne, in his book about England, wrote some severe and unwelcome things, yet he really loved the country, and it was not without a genuine feeling that he named the work "Our Old Home." He sought, fruitlessly I believe, to search out the residence of his ancestors, and wrote to a friend, "Of all things, I should like to find a grave-stone in one of these old church-yards with my own name upon it; although, for myself, I should wish to be buried in America." He little dreamed when he wrote these words that his children would one day see the cherished name of Hawthorne on an English grave-stone, and that it would represent to them not the past dignity of the family, but its latest grief. On March 4, while the birds were singing their joy as Nature renewed her life under the genial sunshine, a small company of American and English people gathered in Kensal Green Cemetery, near London, where was consigned to the earth a coffin, with its sad freight, on which was inscribed:

MRS. NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.
Died February 26, aged 60.

As I stood by this new grave my memory wandered away to another in that little cemetery at Concord, consecrated, like this, by the dust of noble spirits; and the two, so sundered, seemed to represent a happy tale, suddenly broken off, and ending with heaviness and pain. Some few outlines of the romance that Hawthorne lived, as sweet as any he wrote, I knew and remembered at his widow's grave.

From being one of the happiest, handsomest, and even the most athletic youths at Bowdoin College, Nathaniel Hawthorne came into the possession of his only estate, genius, to find it a melancholy heritage. The light and airy stem of his nature had put forth a sombre flower at best, and it had to be nurtured under the added shadow of poverty. The real heart and life of the man in those sad years of transition, when the ruddy collegian was disappearing in the thinker, with mystical eye turned inward, make the under-tone of the "Twice-told Tales," and are more strangely fascinating than the legends themselves. Especially "The Great Stone Face," in its spiritually tragical, yet not unsunned depths, reflects

"those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things;
Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized;
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised,"

which Wordsworth has most nearly approached putting into words—though these can scarcely express them—but which Beethoven has uttered in the one adequate form. And along with this ever-appealing intellect there is revealed a profoundly sensitive and loving nature, thirsting for personal affection, faint with growing despair of finding a nature perfectly responsive to his deep heart.

"Homeless near a thousand homes he stood,
And near a thousand tables pined and wanted food."

Meantime by his side, though long unknown, even in dear old Salem—town of graceful elms and gracefuler women—there was a bright and cultivated home, which was destined to send the sunbeam at whose touch the happier life and genius of Hawthorne were to unfold. A gentle and intelligent physician lived there, with his three lovely daughters, destined to be dowered only with that wealth which enriches heart and mind, and that energy which is often the beautiful other side of humble resources. Of these three sisters all have lived to do honor to the womanhood of New England. The fairest of them, Mary, was able, as Mrs. Horace Mann, to lavish upon the youth of her country, in the East and the West, the natural affluence of her earnest and refined nature. Elizabeth, by an unwearied zeal in the pursuit of every high ideal, became a kind of saintly abbess, even in that conventicle of sacred women, Concord. And Sophia, beginning life as an artist, aided in the realization of an ideal as noble as any she ever dreamed as she sat at the feet of Washington Allston, of whom she was the favorite pupil.

It must have been with a kind of despair that Hawthorne made his first pilgrimage through the snow to the Brook Farm Community—the wild plunge of a starved heart. Sitting in his lonely office in the Boston Custom-house, poring outwardly over dry invoices, inwardly over weird, half-shaped visions, he was eating his heart in loneliness, when that sweet symphony of fraternity, and the simple life of pure and united spirits amidst nature, wove its spell around him. In a moment he let fall the pen and fled the office, burning, as it were, his ships behind him. But, alas! never was man more unfitted for that experiment of practical association, intensely individual as he was in all his instincts, and unable to the end of his days to comprehend things abstractedly, or to be interested in great principles unless inasphered in small duties and personal relationships. Wordsworth saw the firmament in flowers; Hawthorne saw millenniums in hearts. This man, with a genius for studying characters, found much of the highest value at Brook Farm, as we know from the "Blithedale Romance"—the most original of his works, as I think—but he found no spiritual satisfaction there. He confessed himself a stranger and a sojourner in the very land of promise, but found his true ideal community presently. The community consisted of two, and its model halls were such as could be afforded by the most ancient and solitary mansion that Concord village could furnish. Married to Sophia Peabody, by James Freeman Clarke, these two artists repaired to the Old Manse, both unknown to fame, there to pass obscure years with no other constant inmate or guest but Poverty.

No other! yes, Happiness. To read Hawthorne's account of these years in his "Note-Books" starts to the eyes tears that do not burn, but flash prismatic hues. He is, according to his own description, "the most unknown man of letters in America;" he is poor, and without prospect of temporal advantages; but all the forms that ever haunted the Old Manse gather to converse with him, and confide all their secrets; and in his perfect relation to one other aspiring soul he is supremely blessed. He continually compares himself to Adam, with Eve (his wife) at his side, and can not think Eden could have been very different from the garden around the Old Manse, with its long row of balm of Gilead trees in front, and its unforbidden apple-trees behind. All the four rivers of Paradise were for him merged in the Musketaquid, gently streaming past, adorned with pond-lilies, whose unfolding disclosed the gold that made his Havilah. Here he meditated on a strange incident that befell Dr. Harris, while a Junior at college. "Being in great want of money to buy shirts or other necessaries, and not knowing how to obtain it, he set out on a walk from Cambridge to Boston. On the way he cut a stick, and, after walking a short distance, perceived that something had become attached to the end of it. It proved to be a gold ring, with the motto, 'God speed thee, friend.'" Did this legend signify to this young pilgrim the wedding-ring that had brought such a true God-speed to him? But let Hawthorne's pen, as it alone can, picture his life in the Old Manse:

MRS. HAWTHORNE.

"*Saturday, August* 13, 1842.—My life, at this time, is more like that of a boy externally than it has been since I was really a boy. It is usually supposed that the cares of life come with matrimony; but I seem to have cast off all care, and live on with as much easy trust in Providence as Adam could possibly have felt before he had learned that there was a world beyond Paradise. My chief anxiety consists in watching the prosperity of my vegetables, in observing how they are affected by the rain or sunshine, in lamenting the blight of one squash, and rejoicing at the luxurious growth of another. It is as if the original relation between Man and Nature had been restored in my case, and as if I were to look exclusively to her for the support of my Eve and myself—to trust to her for food and clothing, and all things needful, with the full assurance that she would not fail me. The fight with the world, the struggle of a man among men, the agony of the universal effort to wrench the means of living from a host of greedy competitors—all this seems like a dream to me. My business is merely to live and to enjoy; and whatever is essential to life and enjoyment will come as naturally as the dew from heaven. This is, practically at least, my faith. And so I awake in the morning with a boyish thoughtlessness as to how the outgoings of the day are to be provided for, and its incomings rendered certain. After breakfast I go forth into my garden, and gather whatever the bountiful Mother has made fit for our present sustenance; and of late days she generally promises me green corn and shell-beans very soon. Then I pass down through our orchard to the river-side, and ramble along its margin in search of flowers. Usually I discern a fragrant white lily here and there along the shore, growing, with sweet prudishness, beyond the grasp of mortal arm. But it does not escape me so. I know what is its fitting destiny better than the silly flower knows itself; so I wade in, heedless of wet trowsers, and seize the shy lily by its slender stem. Thus I make prize of five or six, which are as many as usually blossom within my reach in a single morning; some of them partially worm-eaten or blighted, like virgins with an eating sorrow at the heart; others as fair and perfect as Nature's own idea was when she first imagined this lovely flower. A perfect pond-lily is the most satisfactory of flowers. Besides these, I gather whatever else of beautiful chances to be growing in the moist soil by the river-side—an amphibious tribe, yet with more richness and grace than the wild flowers of the deep and dry woodlands and hedge-rows—sometimes the white arrowhead, always the blue spires and broad green leaves of the pickerel flower, which contrast and harmonize so well with the white lilies. For the last two or three days I have found scattered stalks of the cardinal-flower, the gorgeous scarlet of which it is a joy even to remember. The world is made brighter by flowers of such a hue. Even perfume, which otherwise is the soul and spirit of a flower, may be spared when it arrays itself in this scarlet glory. It is a flower of thought and feeling, too; it seems to have its roots deep down in the hearts of those who gaze at it. Other bright flowers impress me as wanting sentiment; but it is not so with this."

How many of us can remember the silly, vulgar criticisms which were made on "The Scarlet Letter," when it first appeared: that it was the confession of some morbid soul; that it was the production of some guilty and haunted being of the "sunless sea;" that it was poured out of a laudanum phial, and so forth! Such critics little knew that they were confessing their own ignorance of real art, and disclosing their own length of ear. Landor's Aspasia writes to Pericles that she does not believe the poets ever loved, "else how could they write about it?" With more reason we may say that Hawthorne's pen, portraying the dark possibilities of his own nature, and of every nature, can see them through the perspective necessary for art only because he is not merged and whelmed in them. He walks with his genius, as Dante with Virgil amidst the fearful whorls of hell, unscathed, as only he could be whose spirit fed among the lilies, and knew a pure and happy love, whose brightness the true criticism would measure by the intensity of the shadows with which misery and sin are invested.

How fortunate Nathaniel Hawthorne was in those domestic relations in which the best men are too often unfortunate the world may gather from his "Note-Books." But they tell very little of that profound friendship which existed between these two. It is, I believe, George Sand who says that all can know love, but few have capacity for friendship. Probably she would refuse to believe that love and friendship could coexist in a wedded life. Yet I believe she would believe even that to be possible had she, with me, heard from a venerable and most intimate friend of the Hawthornes the following story. It was when Mr. Hawthorne and his wife were very poor that Mr. Polk became President, and Mr. Bancroft Secretary of the Navy; and it was probably through the latter that the friends of the author succeeded in securing for him an appointment as surveyor in the custom-house at Salem. In the course of his experiences in this custom-house, or that at Boston, Hawthorne had met with a strange old document showing that in early days a woman had been compelled to wear in public the letter A, in scarlet. Every thing of this kind that came near Hawthorne fell into his mind as a seed into a soil where it must needs germinate; and this letter A had long been striving to flower into a romance through the hard pressure of official work. After Hawthorne had been in the Salem custom-house a year he one day received a notification that his services were no longer required.

With heaviness of heart he repairs to his humble home. His young wife recognizes the change, and stands waiting for the gloomy silence to be broken. At length he falters out, "I am removed from office." Then the wife leaves the room; returns soon with fuel, and kindles a bright fire with her own hands; next brings paper, pen, and ink, and deposits them beside Hawthorne on the table. Then she touches the sad man on the shoulder, and as he turns it is to meet the beaming face of a little woman, who says to him, "Now you can write your book!"

From that moment the cloud cleared away, never to return. The custom-house seemed to him now, as to her, an iron cage from which a winged genius had escaped. The wondrous book was written; other books were written—books that might never have been written, and certainly never would have been so luminous with spiritual beauty, so tinted with every most delicate trait of human feeling, but for the constant influence of this fine soul at his side, artful as the subtile light searching beneath sod and snow for violets and May-flowers.

The years came on, and brought them to Europe. Along with the fossil wrongs of a dead political stratum the sins of Franklin Pierce are buried, and when they are forgotten, it will be remembered that when he came into the Executive Mansion, his first thought was for the old friend of his college days, whose genius he was able to recognize, and whose love he had retained until the hour when that friend dropped the first tear beside his lifeless form.

In Europe, Hawthorne and his wife journeyed together, passed beautiful days amidst lakes and hills, and amidst the galleries of art, in England, France, and Italy—enjoying each scene as, perhaps, fair scenes can be alone fully enjoyed, by looking on them with four eyes.

And now the frame of their life is changed again; it is set once more in dear old Concord. The Old Manse has made way for the most beautiful villa in the place; the obscure author of the olden time is famed in every cultivated circle of the world. Publishers eagerly clutch at the lightest page written by the hand which used to write happy fancies only in the end to look upon them as leaves sure to be blighted by neglect, and to cast them into the fire ere they should perish in the frost of popular indifference.

He had lived to see a transformation as blissful as that which gave Cinderella beauty and joy for ashes; he saw his lovely children growing around him like fulfillments of what the flowers around the Old Manse had prophesied to his first days of wedded happiness; and perhaps it seemed to him, as to the Love that watches over us, that it was well enough to pass away in that fullness of his life. So it was. Amidst hearts that loved him he was carried to that long repose which he hoped would intervene this life and any other; and the glowing autumn leaves that fell upon his grave symbolized the love and the beauty which, so unsuspected beforehand, had been lavished upon a heart and mind worthy of all they could bestow.

And now it was shown how fine were the gifts of her who had been so much to Nathaniel Hawthorne. Mrs. Hawthorne's intimate friends had, indeed, always recognized her literary ability. Her letters to them from Europe had charmed a large circle of critical and cultivated friends, and they were extremely desirous of publishing them; but she had some reason to suspect that her husband dreaded the appearance of his wife's name in public, and with that constant aim to comply with even his unspoken wishes, she would not consent. It is probable that few more valuable sketches of interesting characters—most of all that one who was ever at her side—and few more appreciative notes upon the art treasures of Europe, exist than those which are contained in the letters of Mrs. Hawthorne. But the world now knows that only a mind of rare intelligence could have made out of the piles of scraps, jottings, and scrawled sentences left by Nathaniel Hawthorne, those "Note-Books" which have so charmed it. She alone could decipher the characters on these odds and ends; and if, as I have reason to hope, she has left the MSS. of his French and Italian notes in a completed form for publication, she will have been the means of leaving the world the truest autobiography of one of the most singularly interesting men it has ever known. Such work as Mrs. Hawthorne has put upon these admirable volumes can not, however, be done by literary ability alone, but requires heart and devotion. And these animated every step of her life after she had parted from her husband, only, perhaps, to feel him more intimately near than ever before.

That her children might be educated as both had desired, and especially that her son Julian's special studies might be more fully pursued, Mrs. Hawthorne left America for Dresden. When her son had finished his studies and returned to America she came with her daughters to London, where she could better prepare and publish the remaining posthumous papers of her late husband. In a pleasant suburb of London—Kensington—she had chosen her home; but it could not be the home she required until she had sent to America for those books, pictures, and various objects which had been looked upon and treasured by the companion of her life. When they were brought over she worked too arduously to put them in their places. The very workmen who handled things once dear to *him*, and those who put up *his* portrait, seemed to her to have done so with reverence, and she surprised them by a generosity far beyond the pot of beer which was probably the sole extent of their ambition and the motive of their care. One characteristic incident occurred. An edition of the Waverley Novels, which had been prized by Mr. Hawthorne, were, when brought with other things to Liverpool, seized by the customs officers, their introduction being an infraction of copyright. In great affliction at this she applied to the head office in London, but was told by the obdurate official that the return of the volumes was out of the question. Such a thing had never occurred, and, being unconstitutional, could

not occur. Not yet daunted, but in much distress, she wrote to the Inspector of Customs at Liverpool a letter such as probably that individual never received before, and will never receive again. Orpheus never poured into the ear of Cerberus a more inthralling strain than this simple, plaintive plea with which the widow proved that even an English inspector has a heart by reaching it. Perhaps her long intimacy with one customs officer led her to trust the fraternity;* at any rate, the unprecedented fact is that the precious volumes were restored, even though the usually required "author's request" could not be obtained.

But, alas! the house was no sooner set in order than the call from earth came. The English climate, which her husband had often thought the best in Europe, had been during her first winter in London cruel beyond parallel. Bitter winds, and cold, clammy fogs, and damp exhalations had come, and remained longer than ever before; and, like many another delicate constitution, that of Mrs. Hawthorne gave way, and—this was her only sorrow as death drew near—her two young daughters must be left to learn in a foreign land the pricelessness of the inheritance transmitted to them with the name they bear.

I wish that I could make the end of my story as sweet and clear as the sunshine of that warm day—almost the first sign of the departure of that wintriness under which the gentle lady had suffered—which shone upon the little group gathered, with uncovered heads, around the grave in Kensal Green. But, alas! that sunshine only rendered more dismal the cold formalities by which this true-hearted woman was consigned to her rest. Very few invitations to the funeral were given, which was in keeping with the quiet, unostentatious ways of the widow and of him whose name she bore. Among the few present were Robert Browning, S. C. Hall, Mr. Bennoch, Mr. Sturgis, and the Rev. W. H. Channing—all real mourners for a loved and lost friend. But what seemed almost dreadful were the conventional services of the occasion. Some of us had come with the confident expectation that these would be intrusted not to the mere surpliced automaton of the cemetery, but to the one man in London fitted for it not only by eloquence and piety, but by a life-long intimacy with Mr. and Mrs. Hawthorne—a close friendship extending beyond the period of their marriage, and ripened by intellectual and religious sympathy. But those who controlled the arrangements had been otherwise advised, and the body was laid in consecrated ground, where none but the Church clergymen can officiate. Thus it was that the man to whom nearly every American present, as I believe, had looked to speak the right word on this sad occasion—the Rev. William Henry Channing—stood by, with pained brow, dumb.

The grave was but a few steps from that of Leigh Hunt, and his beautiful face—one of the most expressive renderings of a soul in marble I have ever seen—seemed to beam its sympathy upon the lonely daughters of one he had known and honored. I saw Robert Browning gazing upon this memorial—with its vase and wreath beneath the bust, and its inscription, "Write me as one that loves his fellow-men"—as if in these he would find fit words and symbols for the grave of his old comrade in Italy.

Before the coffin was lowered into the grave the two girls—Una and Rose—stepped forward and stood by themselves upon the verge of the grave; they laid upon the coffin the one a wreath of white camellias, the other a cross made of the same flowers, and then it was lowered into the grave. The undertaker took up his handful of clay, and prepared, as is usual, to cast it into the grave; but the elder daughter, with a touching simplicity, held out her hand, and received into it the bit of earth, and at the words "dust to dust, ashes to ashes," she let the crumbled pieces fall sadly there where lay the form of her beloved mother.

This was the end. As I turned away the birds were more gayly singing, the trees almost visibly budding, the air was full of benediction. I remembered the old scenes amidst which these bereaved children first drew breath, and where, more than a quarter of a century ago, their father wrote: "There is a pervading blessing diffused over all the world. I look out of the window and think, 'O perfect day! O beautiful world! O good God!' And such a day is the promise of a blissful eternity. It opens the gates of heaven, and gives us glimpses far inward."

THE DEFENSE OF SARAGOSSA.

Soon after Murat's cruel street slaughters in Madrid, in May, 1808, half the cities of Spain sprang to arms. Foremost among these was Saragossa, the capital of Aragon.

When the patriots rose against their cruel invaders, the populace deposed Gullielmi, the governor, and Tio Jorge Ibort and his adherents chose as their nominal leader José Palafox, a handsome Aragonese nobleman, "a son of Saragossa," and an officer in the Spanish royal bodyguard. Palafox had good advisers. His tutor, Basilio Boggiero, wrote his Spartan proclamations; Santiago Sas, a priest, managed convenient miracles to rouse and sustain the populace; while Tio Jorge and his two peasant lieutenants kept up the fighting, though the defense of the place began, as Southey says, with only two hundred and twenty men, one hundred dollars, sixteen cannon, and a few old muskets. Lefebvre and his nine thousand French arrived on June the 15th, 1808. Had he pushed on at once the place must have fallen; but he paused, and Tio Jorge and his peasants had time to make the town tenable. The inhabitants were brave and superstitious. The houses were little fortresses of solid stone, the streets tortuous and narrow, and adapted for defense. In the skirmishes outside the town Palafox was victorious, and this success roused the courage of Saragossa to the highest point. A small party of daring French cavalry penetrating into the place were cut off to a man. The Spaniards had time to plant some cannon before their gates, and also on the Torero, a hill outside the walls. A French detachment which tried to storm the Portillo gate was repulsed with loss, the Spaniards not staying to load their muskets after the first volley, but closing on the French with their knives and bayonets. Half the detachment being cut to pieces, Lefebvre fell back, losing in the retreat four hundred cavalry and twenty-seven baggage wagons.

But the storm only lulled for a moment. At the end of June the French returned with reinforcements, and reoccupied the key of Saragossa, the Torero, at once, the officer in command—basely flying, leaving behind him the tools of the canal company, which were exactly what the French engineers most needed. But the Spaniards were not easily daunted; they remembered their previous successes, and they believed that the Virgin would drive away the hated Frenchmen from the city she had always cherished. They tore down all their window-curtains, turned them into sand-bags for the batteries, and placed guns, defended by ramparts and trenches, before each of their nine gates. The mud-walls of the suburban gardens and the remains of an old Moorish rampart furnished points of defense for the stubborn Aragonese, who there found cover from French bullets. Loop-holes for muskets and openings for cannon were pierced every where. Houses that would protect the enemy were pulled down, and olive-gardens that would shelter the French tirailleurs were remorselessly rooted up. The women, as brave as the men, formed themselves into parties to relieve the wounded, and to carry water and food to the defenders of the batteries, while the children brought the soldiers the cartridges made by the monks. Foremost among the women was the beautiful Condesa de Burita, who brought wine and provisions to the soldiers, and tended the wounded and dying amidst the tremendous fire of shot and shell. Every day sorties were made, and the enemy assailed in the olive woods that surrounded the city. About the last day of June a powder-magazine blew up in the centre of the city, and reduced a whole street to ruins. At this moment of confusion the French opened a destructive fire. A sand-bag battery before the Portillo gate received the brunt of the attack. The French, on the Torero side, entered and destroyed the beautiful convent of Santa Engracia. The sand-bag battery at the Portillo gate was several times destroyed by the French guns, and bravely reconstructed under fire. It was at this spot and at this crisis that a heroine appeared. Augustina, the celebrated Maid of Saragossa, was a handsome itinerant lemonade seller, twenty-two years of age. She had arrived with food for the soldiers at the moment when the battery had been swept clear of every defender. The people, daunted by the sight, hung back. The brave woman instantly rushed forward over the dead and dying, and snatching a lighted match from the hand of the dead artillery-man, fired off a twenty-six pounder. Then jumping on the gun, as Wilkie represents her, with disheveled hair and stormy eyes, she swore to the Virgin never to quit the gun alive while the siege lasted. The people, encouraged by this woman's almost supernatural daring, rushed back in the deserted battery, opened a tremendous fire, and repulsed the French attack. But the enemy closed in nearer and nearer, as a murderer's hand closes on a victim's throat. Above the city the Ebro was fordable, and below the city the French constructed a bridge. Transporting their cavalry by these means to the opposite bank of the river, they destroyed the flour-mills of the town, and cut off all supplies of food and ammunition. But Palafox and his advisers were energetic and untiring. They ground their corn in horse-mills, and set the monks to work at making gunpowder. All the sulphur in the place was carefully collected, the earth in the streets washed to obtain from it saltpetre, and charcoal was made from hemp stalks. Toward the end of July food began to run short, and the hopes of succor began to die away. A defense of forty-six days had exhausted the strength of the defenders. A desperate rush to recover the Torero failed. The French bombardment continued cruel, remorseless, and unintermitting. On the 2d and 3d of August, the Grand Hospital, dedicated to the Virgin, and one of the largest in Spain, was burned, with all its sick and wounded. A white flag was hoisted, as it were to implore mercy, but it was made a special mark for the bombs. The soldiers all hastened to the rescue of the sick and of the foundlings, and even women were indefatigable, in spite of shot, shell, and flame. On the 4th of August the French opened a battery on the Santa Engracia quarter, swept away all the mud-walls, took the batteries at the gates, turned the guns on the Spaniards, and penetrated to the Corso in the very centre of the town; yet here the resistance was more obstinate than ever. Every house became a fortress, every door-way a barricade, and a scorching fire toward evening drove back the French to Santa Engracia, with a loss of fifteen hundred men and several generals. From the convent that night Lefebvre wrote his stern summons to surrender:

"Head-quarters—Santa Engracia. Capitulation!"

The instant reply of Palafox was equally laconic:

"Head-quarters—Saragossa. War to the knife.—Palafox."

The French now occupied all one side of the Corso; General Verdier watching the fighting and giving orders from the Franciscan convent in the centre. On the other side were the Saragossans, who had thrown up batteries at the openings of all the side streets. The intervening space was soon so heaped up with dead that Palafox, afraid of contagion, pushed forward French prisoners, fastened by ropes, to remove the bodies. At night the most savage sorties were made against the batteries on either side, and there was a great deal of hand-to-hand fighting inside the houses.

At last the end seemed coming. On the 5th of August the ammunition of the Spaniards began to run short, and the people called out to be allowed to attack the enemy with only their knives, when at the very crisis there arrived a providential convoy of provisions and ammunition, escorted by three thousand Swiss guards and Aragonese volunteers, led by Don Francisco Palafox, a brother of the general. The people took fresh heart. At a general council it was now agreed, amidst shouts from the people, to fight till all Saragossa was consumed, and then to retire over the Ebro to the suburbs, and defend them till every man had perished.

For eleven days longer the Spaniards fought from street to street, house to house, room to room, wall to wall, roof to roof, till their knives broke, their cartridges were spent, and hundreds died on the point of the French bayonets. During the night of the 12th of August the French batteries were particularly destructive, and when they ceased firing flames were seen to break out in many buildings that they held. On the morning of the 14th, however, to the astonishment and joy of the people of the tormented city, the enemy's columns were beheld at a distance retreating in dark masses over the plain of the Ebro on the road to Pampeluna. The defeat of Dupont at Baylen had compelled Lefebvre to retire from the all but exhausted city, which, he boasted with truth, he had left "un amas de décombres." According to Ford, who is always severe on Spanish failings, Palafox after this went almost mad with vanity, claimed all the glory to himself, wrote bombastic dispatches, and neglected every proper preparation for future defense.

Three months after came Napoleon's revenge. The Spanish heroes routed at Tudela, the French again invested Saragossa, this time attacking both sides, and especially the Jesuit convent on the opposite bank of the Ebro, which the tardy Spaniards, after their way, had neglected to secure. Four marshals—Lannes, Mortier, Moncey, and Junot—conducted the siege. In spite of the proclamations of Palafox, the old men, women, and children refused to leave the city; but all the French residents were sent out of the place for fear of treachery, and the nuns were permitted to go to distant convents. The walls had been mounted with one hundred and fifty pieces of cannon. Old and young worked unceasingly at an outer line of defensive works. Large stores of provisions were collected, as well as arms and ammunition. Twenty thousand regular troops and fifteen thousand armed peasants were enrolled to form the garrison. Moreover, every house was barricaded, and provided with several weeks' food. The brave Countess de Burita came forward, and this time with three hundred women of all ranks, to tend the wounded, and to carry provisions to the gunners in the batteries. The Maid of Saragossa, too, again came to the front, and took her station beside the old gun at the Portillo gate. A boy of fourteen presented himself as a soldier, and being rejected as too young, mixed with the troops, captured with his own hand a stand of French colors, and, in the sight of the army, carried them into the Church of the Pillar, and laid them as an offering on the altar of the Virgin.

The French army consisted of thirty-five thousand men, and a battering-train from Pampeluna of sixty pieces, while a corps of cavalry, stationed at Fuentes, scoured the country round the besieged town. Suchet's division took the Torero at the first assault, capturing three guns and one hundred prisoners. A brigade of Merle's division also gained a work commanding the sluices of the canal. To Moncey's demand for the capitulation of the place, Palafox replied: "Talk of capitulation when I am dead. If Madrid has surrendered, Madrid has been sold. We know how to die. We in Saragossa are not to be frightened by the horrors of a siege. We have shown that before." The French reply was seven columns of infantry, who bore down on the suburbs like so many battering-rams, winged by a large body of horse. They were met by Brigadier Don Josef Manso, captain of the Royal Guards, and pushed back after a hot fight of five hours. The attack of the reserve was even more tremendous; and the Spaniards wavered, till Palafox and Generals O'Neil and Saint Marc rode up, sword in hand, rallied them, and broke the French, who left four thousand men dead in the streets and fields, and under the garden walls. Two days after, General Gazan attacked the suburb on the left side of the river; but four thousand Spaniards in the woods and gardens, although at first dislodged, eventually repulsed him, with a loss of nearly one thousand men. The French then began a regular investment of the stubborn place, and Moncey fixed his head-quarters on the Torero.

Palafox addressed a proclamation to the people of Madrid, in which he promised, when free himself, to hasten to their deliverance. "The dogs by whom I am beset," he said, in the true Spanish manner, "scarcely give me time to wash their blood from my sword; but they will find graves ready for them at Saragossa." In a sally on the last day of the year, the French suffered so much that Palafox, who knew the value of such playthings, ordered every Spaniard who signalized himself in this affair to wear a red ribbon on his breast. The priests and friars behaved as well as the fighting-men. Honor, enthusiasm, and duty animated every heart; but, alas! a more terrible enemy than the French had appeared. Pestilence had broken out.

Junot, released from his duties in Portugal by the disgraceful convention of Cintra, now took the command. The new broom swept clean, and the bombardment immediately began. Its chief fire, directed on Palafox's quarters, destroyed the Court of Audience, and the French carried the monastery of San Josef and the bridge of La Huerba. The shells fell so fast that the priests could not even carry the sacrament to the dying. About this time Don Francisco Palafox, brother of the governor, and a member of the Supreme Junta, slipped down the Ebro in a boat, and, in concert with the Marquis de Lazan, organized bands of guerrillas to harass the enemy's communications and cut off his supplies; but Mortier eventually attacked and dispersed these zealous partisans. Lannes, Duke of Montebello, sent by Napoleon to reproach and quicken Junot, as Junot had been sent to quicken Moncey, broke at once through the new wall of the town, and resolved to destroy house by house.

Three companies of miners and eight of sappers prosecuted this work night and day, the Spaniards vainly attempting to countermine them. Meanwhile the bombardment was unnecessarily and cruelly kept up. In forty-eight hours six thousand shells were thrown into the town, two-thirds of which were soon in ruins. During the whole siege the French expended seventeen thousand bombs. The powder used by the Spaniards had to be made day by day, and, their shot being expended, they had at last to depend on the French cannon-balls, which they collected and returned. On the 27th of January the French effected their first lodgment, and on the 30th they blew up sixty houses; but every inch of ground was stubbornly contested, and Lascoste, the French commander of artillery, was shot. After forty-two days' bombardment, the fighting continued as hard as ever. The inhabitants of the ruined houses took refuge in the cellars of their friends, and, owing to the overcrowding, typhus fever broke out. The soldiers, exposed to deep snow, with scanty food and too little sleep, perished by hundreds. Famine, also, began to appear; for much of the food had been destroyed by the French miners. Thirty fever hospitals were erected in the city, and as one by one they were removed to fresh places to escape the inhuman bombardment, the fever was spread in every quarter. Horrors on horrors accumulated. From the fever alone about three hundred and fifty half-starved wretches died daily. The hospitals were too small, and the medicines were exhausted. The burying-grounds were choked, and grave-pits had to be dug in the streets, into which the dead were tossed without care or respect. Heaps of putrescent bodies, piled before the churches and waiting interment, were often struck and scattered by shells. But the people did not quail. Still the French gained ground. They carried the monasteries of the Augustines and the Las Monicas, two of the last strongholds. Driven from the breaches, the French sprang mines, and so broke in. The Spaniards fought from pillar to pillar, from chapel to altar. While they fought the roofs fell in, but the people still fought madly among the smoking ruins. On the 1st of February things looked so desperate that the leading patriots proposed a capitulation, but Palafox would not yield. Seventeen days more they fought, but the convents of St. Francisco and Jesus were wrested from them by the French. The suburb on the left of the Ebro was also taken. A tremendous fire from fifty guns cleared the way for the assailing columns. The convent of St. Lazarus was breached, the bridge carried, and one thousand five hundred Spaniards captured as they were retreating into the town. The brave Baron de Versage, who commanded, was killed, but many Spaniards escaped in boats, or by running the gauntlet of the bridge. In the mean time all went ill with the unhappy town, and Palafox, struck by fever, lay insensible in a vault, Don Pedro Maria Ric presiding over the Junta in his stead. Only sixty-two horses were now left for the cavalry; the rest had died of hunger. Of the infantry only two thousand eight hundred remained fit for service. The ammunition was all but exhausted; and if a shell pierced the roof of the Inquisition, the last manufactory of powder would be destroyed. The fortifications were almost utterly demolished, and there was no cloth or sacking left from which sand-bags could be made. The Junta in vain sent the Duke de Villahermosa to Palafox to try and glean from him if there were any hope of succor from without; but the fever had seized his brain. He could only mutter incoherently. His papers gave no hope. Of the Junta, twenty-six were for capitulation; eight, including Ric, the president, against it; but the minority was allowed to prevail. Marshal Lannes, asked to grant an armistice of three days, refused, and the cruel bombardment continued. On the 20th a desperate sortie was made, but made in vain, to recapture two guns which the enemy had the day before taken. It was dark, indeed, now over Saragossa. The fifty French guns in the suburbs opened fire on the city, and destroyed all the streets near the quays.

* I think Hawthorne himself must have had a tender side for customs officials. I have just read in the *Atlantic Monthly* a very earnest letter written by him to Mr. Fields concerning a poet in England who had sent him his works to be transmitted to America, the unusual warmth of the recommendation being, perhaps, explained in its final words: "The poor fellow has left a good post in the customs to cultivate literature in London!" The name is left blank in the magazine; but I am quite sure it was William Allingham, who has often told me of Hawthorne's cordiality to him. Hawthorne never, perhaps, knew the extent to which Allingham's career resembled his own. At two different times the neglect of the world for their literary efforts compelled the friends of each to procure offices for them, and these offices were similar—and this while the genius of each was recognized by the greatest thinkers. Of all the friends of Tennyson Allingham is probably the most intimate, and he is esteemed by Carlyle and Froude, the latter of whom has lately induced him to leave the customs at Lymington, and help him on *Fraser*. Allingham is still, as Hawthorne once was, the most unrecognized man of equal gifts (as I think) in the world; and those who know him best can only hope that, in the coming years (for he is yet under forty), this poet may carry the parallel with Hawthorne farther by receiving the fame that he merits.

The Junta was compelled to test the feelings of the brave people. Two-thirds of the city were in ruins. Thirty thousand (half) of the inhabitants, and five hundred officers, had perished, and from three hundred to four hundred people were daily dying of fever. Saragossa was, in fact, destroyed, and the Spaniards' oath was fulfilled. A flag of truce was sent up to the French head-quarters to arrange the terms of a capitulation. Marshal Lannes, always rough and brutal, was at first disposed to insist on unconditional surrender, but Ric declared that rather than consent to that the last Saragossan would die beneath the ruins of the last house.

It was accordingly conceded that the Spanish troops should march out with the honors of war; that the heroic Palafox should be suffered to retire to any place where he might choose to reside; and that all persons not included in the garrison should be permitted to at once quit the city to avoid the contagion. On the 21st the forts were delivered up to the French, who began immediately to pillage, "according to their custom," says the historian. In this siege the French had expended, with their seventeen thousand shells, one hundred and sixty thousand pounds of powder. The terms of capitulation were shamefully violated by Lannes. The French committed all sorts of crimes in Saragossa, stripped Palafox even to his shirt, and sent him a prisoner to Vincennes; while two hundred and seventy of the prisoners, who were compelled by famine and disease to follow them into France, they butchered on the road. During this gallant and memorable defense no less than six hundred women and children perished by French bayonet or shot.

The Maid of Saragossa fought as bravely as before. "See, general," she said to Palafox, when she took her former station, "I am here again with my old friend." When her husband fell wounded at her feet, she discharged his cannon at the enemy to avenge his fall. She also frequently led the sorties, and, sword in hand, with her cloak wrapped round her, fought daily in the streets. When the city surrendered, Augustina was taken prisoner, but, catching the fever, was removed to the hospital, and thence escaped. Manuella Sanchez, another heroine, less fortunate, was shot through the heart. The poor Countess Burita, after escaping innumerable dangers, died of grief on hearing that her daughter had been killed.

A CATALOGUE OF TRIUMPHS.

The following interesting statistics of the war, published by the Berlin *Staats-Anzeiger*, will give an idea of the magnitude of the campaign, and the extensive scale on which it has been conducted:

"War was declared on July 15, 1870. It terminated on February 16, 1871, after lasting 210 days. In the first week after the declaration of war the German troops were mobilized, their dispatch to the west and disposition along the Trèves-Landau line requiring nearly a fortnight. The troops sent to the frontier amounted to nearly 600,000 men, and to bring the whole mass up in a fortnight about 42,000 had to be conveyed by rail per day. The transport was effected on five lines, two of which were, however, but little used. Besides the men, there were horses, guns, carriages, ammunition, and provisions to be sent. To estimate correctly the activity of the railway department in these momentous days, it ought to be remembered that until a year ago a train was thought incapable of carrying more than one battalion, or one squadron, or one battery. Four Prussian Corps d'Armée, to get to the French frontier, had to perform a distance of from 400 to 600 miles, and had to be fed on the way. The first few days of the campaign, as well as the last period, being free from engagements, the war was practically reduced to 180 days only. In these 180 days there were 156 engagements and 17 great battles; 26 fortresses were taken, 11,650 officers and 363,000 rank and file made prisoners, and 6700 guns and 120 eagles or standards captured. In each of the six months that active hostilities were going on the Germans had, on an average, 26 engagements and 3 battles, taking 1950 officers, 60,500 men, 1110 guns, 20 eagles or standards, and 4 fortresses. Nearly every day of the war witnessed an engagement; every sixth day a fortress was conquered; every ninth day a battle was fought and gained. Comparing the number of prisoners with the duration of the war, we find that, on an average, 65 officers and 2070 men were captured per day. On the same calculation, every day 38 cannon changed hands; while an eagle or a standard was carried off in triumph on two days out of every three. Looking at the chronological order of the actions, we have, up to Sedan, 13 engagements and 8 battles—Wissembourg, Woerth, Spicheren, Courcelles, Thiopville, Gravelotte, Noiseul, and Beaumont; the four fortresses of Lutzelstein, Lichtenberg, Marsal, and Vitry being taken in the same period. The month of September was marked by 13 engagements, and the capture of Sedan, Laon, Toul, and Strasburg. October had 37 engagements, with the capture of Soissons, Schelestadt, and Metz. November numbers 15 engagements and 2 battles—Amiens and Beaune-la-Rolande, with the fall of Verdun, Montbéliard, Neuf Breisach, Ham, Didenhofen, Lafère, and the citadel of Amiens. December brought us 30 engagements, and the battles near Orleans and on the Hallue, with the surrender of Phalsbourg and Montmédy. January, being even more prolific, had to register 48 engagements, together with the battles of Le Mans, Montbéliard, and St. Quentin, and the capitulation of Mézières, Rocroy, Peronne, Longwy, and Paris. In February the war terminated with the surrender of Belfort. In this list the various actions near Paris, 22 of which were fought in the 130 days of the investment, are classified as mere engagements, although some of them might be well ranked as battles. Of these 22 engagements 3 occurred in September, 8 in October, 2 in November, 4 in December, and 5 in January; in other words, between five and six per month. Of naval engagements we have 3 to chronicle—respectively on September 19 and 21, and October 12—at Hiddensoe, in the Putzig Bay, and off Havana."

Was there ever such a long run of victory without a single reverse?

THE MONT CENIS RAILWAY.

It is an agreeable variation to the tale of slaughter coupled with the name of kings, and the political chicanery and corruption which have formed the staple topics for public reading of late, to contemplate the successful achievement of an engineering project that will rank among the wonders of the nineteenth century.

The snow-capped ridges of the Alps no longer present an impenetrable barrier to the traveler, compelling him to wade amidst snow and ice to an elevation of nearly 7000 feet above the sea level. Art has defeated nature by boring a hole through the base of the mountain range 7 miles and 1020 yards in length.

Till the beginning of the present century the passage of the Alps was a feat confined to pedestrians, who, if we except the celebrated march of Hannibal in ancient, and that of the first Napoleon in modern times, were not particularly numerous. Mont Cenis lies between "St. Jean de Maurienne" in Savoy, and "Susa" in Piedmont, consisting of a table-land 7000 feet high, rising abruptly to a peak nearly 12,000 feet high. In 1803 a road suitable for vehicle traffic was commenced, which was completed in 1810, at a cost of nearly £300,000, and has further cost a considerable sum yearly to keep it in due repair.

This normal route by diligence, from St. Michel on the French side, up the series of zigzags on which the road is formed, to the hamlet of Lans-le-bourg, and thence over the summit to Susa, on the Italian side, is well known to Continental tourists.

In 1867 this was supplemented by a mountain railroad, the design of Mr. Fell, an English engineer, which, although a wonderful specimen of mechanical ingenuity, is both expensive, uncertain, and, during some part of the journey, not altogether agreeable. A good deal of the traffic, therefore, is still carried on by the old diligences. It is against the creed of modern locomotion to traverse fifty miles if the distance between two points can be got over in five; hence, as far back as the year 1841, the idea of a tunnel suggested itself to Signor Medail, a native of Bardonnêche, on the Italian side, and was duly set forth in a pamphlet published by him.

Charles Albert, then King of Sardinia, favored the project, and the scientific opinions of M. Maus, the chief engineer of the Turin Railway, and of Professor Sismonda, the eminent geologist, were also given in its favor. Financial and commercial considerations held the scheme in abeyance for some years, and not the least hindrance to the undertaking was the length of time such a gigantic work would involve by the ordinary means of operation.

Mechanical science, however, was equal to the occasion, and M. Maus contrived a machine which, actuated by compressed air instead of steam, has perforated the hard rock of Mont Cenis with a strength and speed twelve times greater than manual labor.

On either side of the mountain there is a water-fall of considerable power, which has been utilized to condense air in enormous reservoirs; the expansive power thus stored up has been conveyed by iron pipes along the tunnel to the cylinders of the boring-machines, to the pistons of which the hard steel chisels were affixed, and, with a pressure of about 100 pounds on the square inch, has battered deep holes in the hardest rock. These holes have been charged with explosive material in the usual way, and by working from the two sides of the mountain range toward the centre, at the average rate latterly of 500 feet per month, the total distance of 40,020 feet has been excavated in something over thirteen years.

The perfecting of the machinery, with its preparation and erection, was necessarily a matter of some time, and it was not till the year 1857 that the first chip was made at Bardonnêche, on the Italian side of Mont Cenis. Since then the work has steadily progressed, without intermission or accident, and on Christmas-day, 1870, the agreeable intelligence was telegraphed to all the capitals of Europe that the working parties burrowing at the base of the mountain, 9000 feet below its summit, had met, and had broken down the thin partition of rock which separated their workings, leaving an uninterrupted communication between France and Italy. The French terminus is named "Fourneaux," and is 3946 feet above the level of the sea, the Italian end being 4380 feet. The tunnel is 25 feet wide, and 24 feet high. About four and a half miles was done from the Italian end, and the rest from the French. During the work many lives have necessarily been lost, but far less than might be supposed—in all, probably 800. The total cost can not be far short of six millions and a half pounds sterling.

The Italian engineers—for the design, the machinery, and the execution have been exclusively Italian—may well be proud of their work. To have tunneled seven miles through clay or loam would have been no slight undertaking; but it appears stupendous when the material to work in is hard quartz, schist, and limestone, and no doubt the early projectors were looked upon by many as lunatics.

But nothing is sacred from machinery nowadays, and the rock, which would have taken over thirty years to have picked through by hand, has been tunneled in almost one-third of the time by its aid. This is, indeed, a triumph of science, and, we repeat, balances in some measure the sad reflections which result from a consideration of how similar genius, similar contrivance, similar energy are devoted to the less praiseworthy tasks of murdering and mutilating mankind in another part of the Continent.

A stream of human life from France, England, and America can not be constantly pouring itself, by way of the Mont Cenis Tunnel, into Italy, and flowing backward and forward from its northwesternmost to southeasternmost limits, without wonderfully stirring and invigorating any stagnant habits or heavy social atmosphere through which it passes. We can conceive of the most striking moral changes as ultimately resulting to Italy from this piercing of the Alps, and can imagine the Italian people hereafter drawing through this narrow tube not merely the materials of prosperity, but also the regenerative elements of intellectual and moral well-being.

ABOUT THE PREMIERS OF ENGLAND.

It may, perhaps, interest our public men to know something of the duration of English ministries; the age at which premiers took office (as premiers); how long they remained in power; and at what age they died. We have, therefore, compiled the following table from a work recently published in England, entitled "English Premiers, from Sir Robert Walpole (1715) to Sir Robert Peel (1846)—a period of one hundred and thirty-one years:"

Premiers.	Age on taking Premiership.	Duration of Premiership.		Age at Death.
	Years.	Yrs.	Mths.	Years.
Sir Robert Walpole	39	22	6	69
Earl Stanhope	44	1	0	48
Earl Sunderland	43	3	0	47
Earl Granville	52	1	6	73
Henry Pelham	47	2	6	58
Earl of Bath	64	8	0	82
Duke of Newcastle	60	2	6	74
Duke of Devonshire	36	0	7	44
Earl of Chatham	51	5	0	70
Earl of Bute	49	3	0	79
George Grenville	51	2	2	58
Marquis of Rockingham ..	35	1	0	52
Duke of Grafton	31	2	6	76
Lord North	38	12	0	60
Earl Shelburne	45	0	9	68
Duke of Portland	45	0	8	71
William Pitt	24	17	9	47
Henry Addington	44	3	2	48
Lord Grenville	37	1	1	65
Spencer Perceval	47	2	5	50
Earl of Liverpool	42	14	10	58
George Canning	56	0	4	57
Viscount Goderich	45	0	5	77
Duke of Wellington	59	2	10	86
Earl Grey	56	3	8	81
Viscount Melbourne	55	0	5	69
Sir Robert Peel	53	5	0	62

The average age of these premiers, on the formation of their cabinets, was forty-four and a half years. The average duration of their administrations just four years. The average length of life of the premiers within a fraction of sixty-two years.

During nearly one-third of these one hundred and thirty-one years the premiership was held by Walpole and William Pitt. Add to their terms those of Lord North and the Earl of Liverpool, and we have a period of sixty-seven years and one month, or over one-half of the whole period occupied by the twenty-seven ministers.

These facts show that the average age of men on entering high station, the tenure of office, and the duration of life, are about the same in the United States as in England.

WAR AND CIVILIZATION.

It is generally said that our powers of sympathy depend a good deal upon the geographical position of its objects. Our imagination refuses to realize sorrows from which we are separated by the distance of the earth's diameter, and inversely we ought to feel strongly for the inhabitants of a city which we have so often reached in a short day's journey. Yet, in one sense, the very closeness of the neighborhood tends to increase our difficulty. We can bring up the Paris of last summer so distinctly before our mind's eye that it is hard to believe in the reality of the change. It is scarcely credible that shells should be bursting and human beings falling dead in the streets with which we are so familiar. The breach of continuity between the past and the present is too abrupt and too profound. We can not bring the Paris of to-day and the Paris, as it almost seems, of yesterday together in our imaginations, and a vague sense of unreality perplexes our sympathies. Those who have personal relations with the sufferers may succeed in overcoming the difficulty; and to others the accounts of the great siege may supply the means of filling up the details of the picture. We are half ashamed of eating and drinking and going about our daily business so comfortably while we are in the very presence, and almost within sight and sound, of this terrible drama; but if we repent our own indifference, we have an easy means for shaking it off. No man not enwrapped in sevenfold stolidity can give his mind to the study for a few days without feeling a satisfactory amount of unhappiness. We do not mean to say that his sleep will be haunted by appalling phantoms, or, still less, that he will lose his appetite. That is a tribute which we pay only to the memory of those who form almost part of ourselves. But he will acquire a stock of mournful meditations which, if it is painful enough at the time, may yet have its salutary uses. There are indeed one or two persons who can perambulate the streets, not only of London, but of Paris, in a jaunty and facetious state of mind; we envy their buoyancy of spirit, and are perhaps grateful for the amusement they afford us. Our national taste admits buffoonery into the deepest tragedies, and we can not do without our jester to point out the grotesque side of the most heart-moving scenes of history. But the average human being will do better, we think, to keep his sense of humor within bounds just at the present moment, and may find a healthy discipline in the cultivation of an appropriate melancholy. According to an ancient proverb, which we remember studying in our childhood in one of Bewick's quaint vignettes, "good times and bad times and all times pass over," and in another year or two we may be laughing and talking nonsense among the remaining symptoms of the great historic siege. Till then, we would not, if it were possible, shake off a sense of painful humiliation.

It may be asked, indeed, with only too much force, what is the use of lamenting over the horrors of war? It is a very old story; war is, and always will be, a very ugly thing when stripped of its covering of romance; and to insist upon one more proof of its ugliness is not a very profitable expenditure of human energy. The Quaker doctrine can not yet be applied to international relations. Every body, with some few exceptions, will admit that under many circumstances it would be our duty to go to war in order to preserve the respect for treaties or the independence of an oppressed nation. We admit, that is, that there are greater evils than those which we are lamenting, and diseases which require this tremendous surgery. To denounce war purely and simply means nothing but that we are to allow brute force to have its own way in the world. Weeping and wringing of hands over bloodshed and outrage is indeed futile enough, unless it is a preface to some practical substitute for our present mode of settling disputes. The process now taking place, revolting as it appears to by-standers, is, on the whole, the only plan hitherto devised by which certain problems, which must be solved in one way or another, can get themselves thoroughly worked out. Yet it is perhaps worth while to insist occasionally on the extremely unsatisfactory nature of the system, in order to stimulate our anxiety to discover some efficient substitute; and still more to throw discredit upon those erroneous theories and evil passions which must inevitably lead to war. For it is a most disagreeable reflection that, until that change has been effected, the tendency of improved civilization is obviously to make wars more horrible than of old. The nearer men are brought together, the more intimately they are dependent upon each other's services; and the greater the power given by improved methods of organization for bringing the whole strength of a nation to bear upon a given point, the more serious will be the injuries inflicted, and the more bitter the animosities generated. It is frequently remarked that the extension of military service from a purely military class to a whole people is a retrograde step. In one sense it may be so; but it is only a natural consequence of all those complex changes which have made the union between different parts of a country far closer than was the case in former times. Telegraphs and railways are the instruments and material symbols of the social and intellectual forces which are steadily binding us more closely together, and iron-clads and cannon of the occasional dangers produced by the approximation. The imbittered character of the present contest is a proof that the development of our social machinery has proceeded much more rapidly than the development of the feelings which should correspond to it. We have come incomparably nearer to each other without learning to like each other much better than before, and the natural consequence is a terrible explosion, which does more mischief in a month than a steady, respectable old war used to do in a year. It is the more necessary to insist in due season upon the dangers thus fearfully illustrated, and likely to become more serious as time goes on. War will not be put down by simply denouncing it, for it is a symptom of a profound want of adaptation of our present society to the conditions in which it is placed; but such denunciations may not be quite worthless if they call attention to the importance of removing the causes of so horrible a symptom.

"CABAL."

The word "cabal" is commonly supposed to be formed from the initial letters of the names of Charles II.'s ministers—Clifford, Ashley, Burlington, Arlington, and Lauderdale. This, however, is an error. "Hudibras" was written ten years before the famous "cabal" of 1672; and we find the word used by Butler in two different senses. In Part I., Canto I., it occurs as follows:

> "For mystic learning wondrous able
> In magic talisman and cabal."

And in Part IV., in its common acceptation:

> "Set up committees of cabals,
> To pack designs without the walls."

The word "cabal," or "cabala," may be said to be originally derived from the Hebrew, meaning a hidden science of divine mysteries, which the rabbis affirmed was revealed and delivered—together with the law—unto Moses; and from him handed down, through successive generations, to posterity. The Gentile skeptics, however, treated this assumption on the part of the Jewish priests as a mere pretense. Thence the word came to be used in a different and less reverential sense. The word is used in an epigram by Sir John Harrington, whose knighting on the field of battle by the Earl of Essex gave such offense to Queen Elizabeth, who preferred to keep the conferring of honors to herself:

> "I am no cabalist, to judge by number;
> Yet that this church is so with pilleers filled,
> It seems to me to be the lesser wonder,
> That Sarum's church is every house pilled."

A LONDON DAME SCHOOL IN 1870.

ENGLISH SCHOOLS FOR THE PEOPLE.

ALFRED THE GREAT has been styled "the father of English education." He enacted that all freeholders who possessed two "hides" (about 160 acres) of land, or upward, "should send their sons to school, and give them a liberal education." This was considered as embracing every one who could possibly derive any benefit from attending school. Nobody then imagined the possibility that the common people should be taught to read. From the twelfth to the fifteenth century the multiplication of religious houses, to most of which schools were attached, did something for popular education. But in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries schools of every kind fell into decay. Most of the gentry and many of the clergy were unable to read; and in 1563 it is recorded that there were at Oxford only three divines capable of preaching before the University. Schools for the people fairly date from the period of the Reformation; but even now, after the lapse of three centuries and a half, the proportion of the children of the lower classes who receive instruction is very small. Mr. George Bartley, in his recent exhaustive work on "Schools for the People," furnishes the following statistics:

Estimated population of England and Wales for whom schools for the people are required	18,745,000
Proportion of these within the ages of three to twelve	3,936,000
Estimated number of these under instruction in existing schools	1,384,000
Estimated number (after deducting ten per cent. for absences of all kinds) for whom schools are required	2,158,000

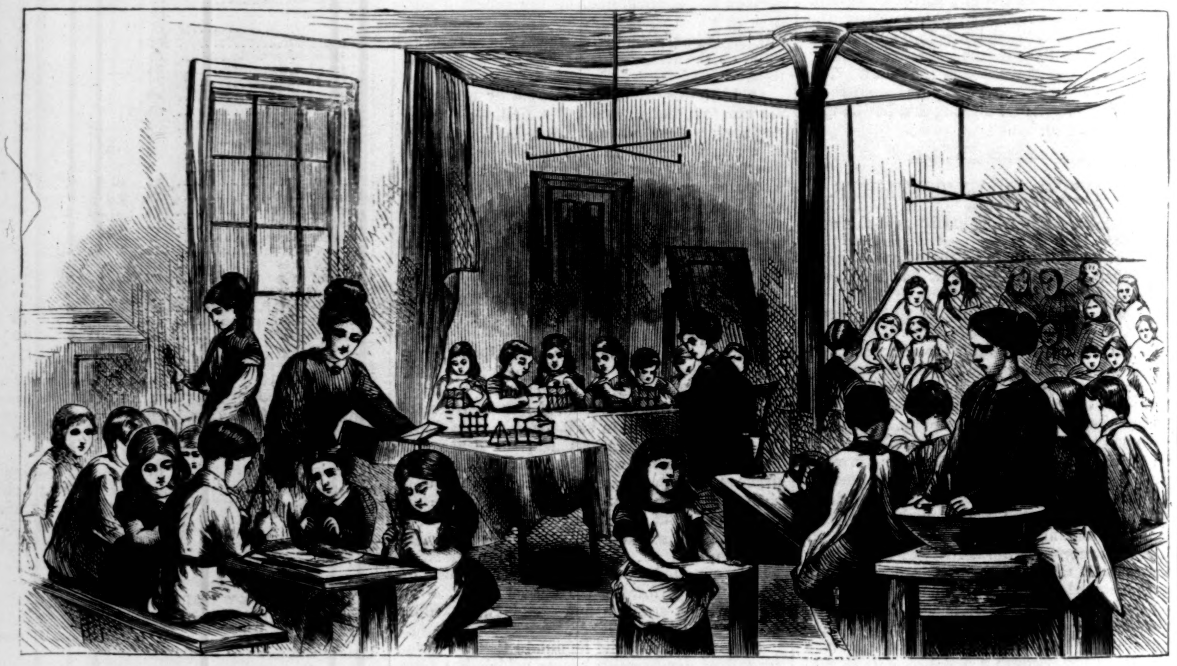
The population of England and Wales is about twenty-one millions. According to the foregoing estimate, the children of eighteen and three-quarter millions of these must receive what education they get from these people's schools. For the children of the remaining two and a quarter millions, constituting the upper classes, it may be assumed that public and private schools afford ample facilities; but for those of the remaining portion the existing schools of all grades are capable of instructing only about two out of five; and, allowing 85 pupils to each school, there are required at this moment 25,500 schools to enable each child to have a chance of instruction. Or, massing the entire population of all classes in England and Wales, there is no possibility that more than one-half of the children can, under existing arrangements, be taught even to read and write. In Ireland, and perhaps in Scotland, we presume that the deficiency is still greater.

It may be assumed that the "Schools for the People" in London are, upon the whole, superior to those throughout the country. We propose—using Mr. Bartley's work as our main guide and authority—to describe some of the London "Schools for the People," having special reference to those designed for the very poor, the outcasts, and those afflicted with physical or mental disability.

Foremost, and occupying the lowest position in the scale, is that peculiar English institution known as "Dame Schools." They had their origin in the urgent necessity for a large number of the mothers of the poorer classes finding some means of safely depositing their children while they themselves were at work. These schools are usually conducted by an elderly woman, who finds no other way of earning a livelihood. A government Commissioner, in an official report, thus describes these schools: "None are too old, too poor, too ignorant, too feeble, too sickly, too unqualified in every way, to regard themselves, or to be regarded by others, as unfit for school-teaching. There are domestic servants out of place, discharged bar-maids, vendors of toys or lollipops, keepers of small eating-houses, of mangles, or of small lodging-houses, needle-women, milliners, cripples almost bed-ridden, out-door paupers, men and women of seventy or eighty years old, persons who spell badly, who can scarcely write, and who can not cipher at all, and so on. The following is a copy of a letter addressed to me by one of these teachers:

"'Sir I regret that I am not able to attend to all the rules lade down in the in closed as my school is of to numbel a cast to meat eyes of thee publick gaze at the same time sir I shal be moust appay to refur you to my childrens parents as kindly favord me with thir children for some years any further information that you require sir I shall bee moust appey to give pardone defects I remain your most numbel servant.'"

One worthy mistress of a Dame School, on being asked the number of her children, replied: "It's unlucky to count them; it would be flat flying in the face of Providence. No, no; you sha'n't catch me counting. See what a pretty mess David made of it when he counted the children of Israel." The dames usually live in one room, which serves every purpose. Scholars may be often seen sitting around a four-post bed, the sides of which form a back to the seats, and sometimes on the bed itself. The children are often so densely packed as to resemble birds in a nest, or tumble over each other like puppies in a kennel. There is scarcely an alley or court in the crowded streets of London or the larger towns in which a dame may not be found with her infant school.



INFANT SCHOOL—KINDER GARTEN EXERCISES.

The illustration which we give is furnished by Mr. Bartley as presenting the appearance of a school rather better than the average. "The dame appeared to be a worthy old lady, who had kept her school in the same cellar in the heart of London for thirty-six years. Twenty or thirty children have been constantly in attendance, paying threepence a week. Their ages vary from two to eight, the majority leaving at six. The school-room contains about seventy superficial feet, and in height is six feet one inch. It is rather above the average, since it is used only for kitchen, wash-house, parlor, and school-room, the dame having a separate sleeping apartment up stairs. Writing and arithmetic are not attempted, the dame owning that she was not much of a scholar, as she was 65 years old, and had been brought up in the country, where schools were scarce in her time."

There is another class of private schools hardly superior to the Dame Schools, kept usually by men who have failed in other pursuits. The teaching in these is usually limited to reading, writing, and arithmetic, and very little of these. It is estimated that of the 1,384,000 children in the Schools for the People fully 200,000 are in private schools of this class. There is a very general prejudice among the lower classes against the government schools; they consider these private schools more "select."

Within a few years Parliament has made considerable effort toward aiding Infant Schools worthy of the name. Others, maintained by private benevolence, especially by the "Home and Colonial Society," appear to be admirably conducted. One of these in Gray's Inn Road, London, intended as a model school, is described by Mr. Bartley. It is conducted by one mistress and four pupil teachers. There are 160 children, from two to seven years of age, who pay two-pence a week. There are two rooms—one for the very young children, the other for

A MUSIC-LESSON TO THE BLIND.

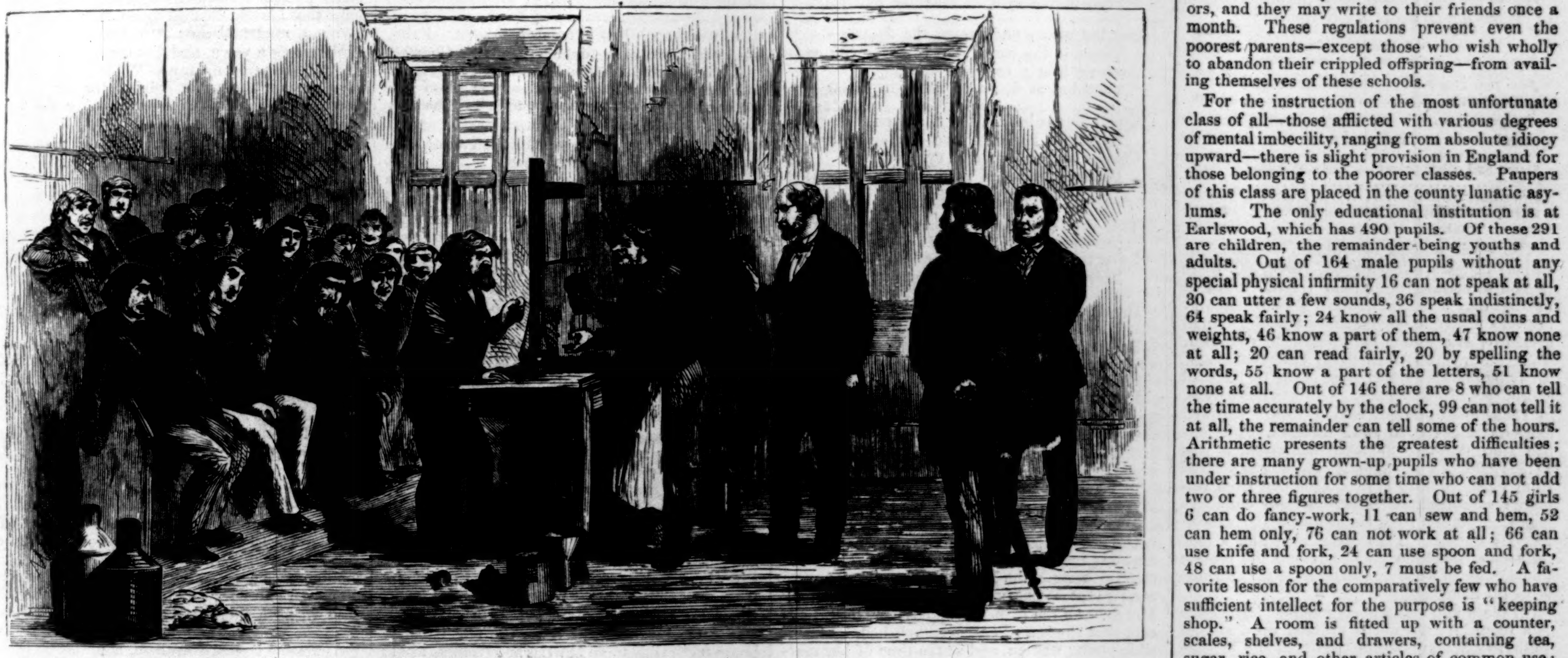
those older. The teaching for the younger ones includes religious and moral instruction, lessons on form, color, size, and weight, the names of common objects, the letters of the alphabet, and numbers, advancing as the pupils grow older, so that children of six or seven are usually able to read any simple book, and write from dictation, besides having some knowledge of Scripture history, the elements of natural history, based on pictures of familiar animals, and the uses of common articles of manufacture. Every week the older children go through a course of "Kinder Garten exercises." Mr. Bartley gives a picture of the school assembled for this purpose. To the younger children are given cubical blocks of wood, which they build up into various forms. Those a little older copy various geometrical forms with slips of wood. Others make little baskets by means of short sticks fastened together by sticking them into soft pease. This is especially popular with the boys, as it involves the use of a knife. Some of the girls make ornamental mats, and the like, by interlacing slips of colored paper. This work is not given to the boys, "owing to their fingers usually not being found sufficiently clean for the purpose." Modeling in clay is a favorite with these dirty-fingered lads. Their imitations of tea-pots, cups, and saucers are often quite clever.

Provision for the instruction of the deaf and dumb, blind, cripples, and those partially imbecile is in England far behind similar establishments among us. Of course there are ample facilities for the training of those whose friends are able to defray the expense; but our "asylums" for this class, maintained by the public, are unknown there. Of schools for the indigent blind Mr. Bartley enumerates twenty of the principal ones, having in all only 1300 scholars. The largest of these is the "School for the Indigent Blind" at Southwark, London. It has 160 scholars, all of whom live on the premises. It is maintained by private subscriptions, the inmates being elected by vote of the subscribers. The conditions are that the candidates shall be between the ages of ten and twenty, unmarried, in good health, not deficient in intellect, and not having a greater amount of sight than is sufficient to enable them to distinguish light from darkness. In all cases some respectable householder must engage to be responsible for the removal of the pupil when the period of instruction is over, or before that if he is discharged for any reason by the committee. The course of instruction is very like that in our asylums. Reading from raised letters by touch is taught, as with us. For writing they use types, the shape of the letters being indicated by dots. These letters are pressed upon a sheet of paper, forming a bur on the other side, which can be read by the fingers. This writing by the blind for the blind is of little practical use, being mainly used for brief memoranda respecting their work, and such things as it may be necessary for them to remember. They are also taught various kinds of manufacture, basket-making being the most important. There is a shop kept up mainly for the use of those who have been educated in the school. This is entirely self-supporting, the society merely providing shop-room. Special attention is given to instructing in music all who have—as most blind persons have to a fair degree—a faculty for music. Nearly all sing, and many learn to perform upon some instrument. The labor of teaching the elements of music is great; but these once mastered the advance is rapid. The concerts occasionally given by the pupils are excellent. Every separate piece must, of course, be learned by heart.

Institutions for the deaf and dumb are in much the same condition as those for the blind. In all there are only twelve, having 1170 inmates. The total number of deaf and dumb is 12,236; so that provision is made for the instruction of less than one in ten. Besides the ordinary sign-language, they are taught to write. Great pains are taken to teach them to speak. Thus, in teaching the pupil to articulate the letter *a* his hand is placed on the instructor's throat, and he feels the movements of the muscles engaged in sounding it, watching at the same time the motions of the lips, all of which he is taught to imitate. And so with every vocal sound. It requires weeks to master the first letter. That the results are hardly—save in exceptional cases—commensurate with the labor will be readily conceived by those who have listened to the conversation of even those who, having once learned to speak, have subsequently become wholly deaf.

AN INDUSTRIAL LESSON TO CRIPPLES.

The number of cripples in England alone is estimated at 100,000. For them there are but three schools, all in London, and having in all but 180 pupils. The principal design of these schools is to teach some occupation by which the pupils may gain a livelihood. Bonnet-making—of a cheap class, for the articles are mainly sold to work-houses and charity schools for a shilling apiece—is the principal work. Occasionally orders are received from these sources for 1500 at a time. These institutions appear to be conducted upon a very defective system. Pupils are received—at an annual charge of £8—for three years. They are not allowed to leave for a single day during the whole period. Once in every three months they are allowed to receive visitors, and they may write to their friends once a month. These regulations prevent even the poorest parents—except those who wish wholly to abandon their crippled offspring—from availing themselves of these schools.



A SHOP LESSON TO IMBECILES.

For the instruction of the most unfortunate class of all—those afflicted with various degrees of mental imbecility, ranging from absolute idiocy upward—there is slight provision in England for those belonging to the poorer classes. Paupers of this class are placed in the county lunatic asylums. The only educational institution is at Earlswood, which has 490 pupils. Of these 291 are children, the remainder being youths and adults. Out of 164 male pupils without any special physical infirmity 16 can not speak at all, 30 can utter a few sounds, 36 speak indistinctly, 64 speak fairly; 24 know all the usual coins and weights, 46 know a part of them, 47 know none at all; 20 can read fairly, 20 by spelling the words, 55 know a part of the letters, 51 know none at all. Out of 146 there are 8 who can tell the time accurately by the clock, 99 can not tell it at all, the remainder can tell some of the hours. Arithmetic presents the greatest difficulties; there are many grown-up pupils who have been under instruction for some time who can not add two or three figures together. Out of 145 girls 6 can do fancy-work, 11 can sew and hem, 52 can hem only, 76 can not work at all; 66 can use knife and fork, 24 can use spoon and fork, 48 can use a spoon only, 7 must be fed. A favorite lesson for the comparatively few who have sufficient intellect for the purpose is "keeping shop." A room is fitted up with a counter, scales, shelves, and drawers, containing tea, sugar, rice, and other articles of common use; small coins are placed in a box. One of the pupils acts as shop-keeper, and the others as customers. The shop-keeper weighs out the articles, takes the money, and makes change. Of course these transactions are merely nominal, the money and goods being returned to their places. But even these advanced pupils have only vague

A PRACTICAL CHEMISTRY CLASS FOR ARTISANS.

ideas of the most common transactions of business.

Another class of schools for the people has, within a few years, been put in operation. They are intended to instruct workmen and artisans in such branches of science as are called into requisition in their several trades. Early in the present century efforts were made in this direction by private persons, and "Mechanics' Institutes" were established in most of the principal towns. Most of these proved of little real use, and were practically abandoned for their original purposes. The great London Exhibition of 1851 showed, among other things, that in all that related to art the British manufactures were far inferior to those of the Continent. A Science and Art Department was formed, and teachers of schools were encouraged to give instruction in the sciences by receiving a certain sum for each pupil who passed an examination; but as late as 1860 there were only 500 such pupils. The great difficulty was to find artisans willing to be taught. Even in Manchester, in that year, any workman who attended a science class was exposed to the jeers and taunts of his comrades. But from that time the numbers in attendance steadily increased from year to year. In 1861 there were 1330 pupils; in 1864, 4666; in 1866, 6835. The Paris Exhibition of 1867 showed still more clearly the inferiority of English manufactured goods, and that it was to be attributed to the inferior education of the British artisan. The matter was earnestly pressed upon public attention. Government took some wise measures, the principal of which was paying a certain sum to each teacher for every artisan whom he should educate up to a certain point. Certain rewards and prizes were also offered to the best pupils. The consequence of all was that in 1868 the number of pupils rose to 15,010, and in 1870 to 34,283, of whom about half passed their examinations. The sum paid to teachers amounted to 24 shillings for each pupil examined. These schools are not included in the statistics which follow.

There are also schools under the direct control of various departments of government:

	Pupils.
War Department—Soldiers' children........	20,000
Home Office—Industrial and Reformatory Schools........	8,500
Poor Law Board—Work-house and District Schools........	41,000

Summing up all the foregoing statistics, the general results are, in round numbers, as follows:

	Pupils.
Dame and other private schools of a low grade........	200,000
Government schools........	70,000
Blind, Deaf, Cripples, Imbeciles, etc......	5,000
Total........	275,000

The whole number of children attending the various people's schools being 1,384,000, there remain something more than 1,100,000 taught in what may be called national schools, answering very nearly to our common schools, though evidently, as a whole, far inferior to our own. These are maintained partly by government aid, partly by private subscription, partly by "school pence," paid by the pupils. Of these there were, in 1869, 9468 schools, having 13,977 certified teachers, and 15,016 pupil teachers. The entire sum devoted to their maintenance was £1,881,000, of which about £774,000 was derived from Parliamentary grants, £458,000 from voluntary subscriptions, £549,000 from children's pence, £100,000 from endowments and miscellaneous sources. Thus about nine and a half millions of dollars a year represents the present annual cost of what we should style the common schools of England.

In these national schools religious instruction is a requisite; but aid is granted upon similar terms to schools under the control of all Christian denominations. The schools are thus classified:

Pupils connected with Church of England schools........	820,000
Pupils connected with Wesleyan and Dissenting schools........	220,000
Pupils connected with Roman Catholic schools........	68,000
Total........	1,108,000

As we have already seen, the number of children in England and Wales belonging to the class who must be taught in people's schools, or not at all, is about 3,936,000, and the existing schools, of all grades, suffice for only 1,384,000, leaving (after deducting ten per cent. for absentees of all sorts) 2,158,000 for whom no schools are provided. Government has just fairly woke up to the necessity of making education compulsory upon all, and an act for this purpose was passed by Parliament last year. But years must elapse before this can be practically carried into effect. The difficulties are such as we can hardly appreciate. In the first place, the children not in school belong to the very lowest classes, whom it would be difficult to gather into schools, even if they were provided. Then, again, it will be impossible for a long time to find teachers. These must be educated and trained for their work. Not less than 25,500 would be required to meet the present deficiency; and, allowing the work of each teacher to average twenty years, 1275 new ones would be required every year to keep up the staff, making no allowance for increase of population.

The educational statistics of the British army give some idea of the lack of culture among that class of the people occupying a grade quite above the lowest stratum; for the army is not to any great extent recruited from the very lowest class; and, moreover, every regiment has a school for the instruction of the soldiers, so that many learn to read after enlisting in the army. In 1868 the Council on Military Education presented a report embracing returns of 169,214 men. The general results were:

	Number.	Percentage.
Unable to read or write........	16,010	9.46
Able to read but not write........	17,924	10.59
Able to read and write........	124,893	73.80
Having a superior education.....	10,837	6.16
Total........	169,214	

The actual amount of education among the soldiers may be inferred from the studies pursued by those in the military schools. Of these 15 per cent. were learning to read, 30 per cent. could read easy narratives, 32 per cent. were learning to write, 35 per cent. were learning to cipher, and 6 per cent. had got as far as fractions. Low as is the present state of education in the army, it has been greatly improved within the eleven years from 1857 to 1868. Thus, in 1857, of the cavalry 25 per cent. were set down as "uneducated," that is, unable to read and write; in 1868, 11 per cent. Of the infantry of the line, in 1857, 45 per cent. were uneducated; in 1868, 24 per cent. Of the artillery, in 1857, 40 per cent.; in 1868, 18 per cent.

Leaving out of view that tenth of the population of England which includes the wealthy class and those in comfortable circumstances, it may be taken as certain that, at this day, of the adult males constituting the remaining nine-tenths, not more than two out of five are able to read and write at all. The proportion of utterly uneducated females is, doubtless, considerably larger. This estimate is confirmed by the marriage statistics. In 1866, taking the whole population together, rich and poor, 23 per cent. of the male minors who were married signed the registers with their mark. Excepting Russia, and perhaps some of the French departments, there is no country calling itself civilized in which the mass of the population are so grossly ignorant as in Great Britain. To diminish this mass of ignorance is one of the great problems with which government must grapple. It is cheering to know that much has within a few years been accomplished in this direction.

TWO SONGS FOR A LOVER.

I.

THIS is a song for a lover to sing
(Fair blue skies smile over the day):
Love is a sparkling, fluttering thing,
Seen in the eyes of laughter and play.

See the vision and dream the dream—
There is the witch that beguiles you so,
Arching lithely over the stream,
Catching at drops of water to throw

Twinkling palmfuls, lover, at you,
Splashing her own face o'er and o'er;
Cheeks as peaches, and eyes of blue,
Glisten or dimple more and more.

II.

This is a song for a lover to sing
(Stormily blow the winds o' the night).
Love, thou art vain, too fond of the wing;
Now I know that I see aright.

Break the vision and close the dream—
There is the waking shadow at last,
Bending over a darker stream;
Drops of sorrow are flowing fast,

Drops of sorrow bemist your eyes,
Tears of penitence rain from hers:
O my lovers! so grow you wise,
Once a life, for better and worse.

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE.

ON the last page of this Supplement we present our readers with the portraits of the Princess LOUISE and the Marquis of Lorne, who were married at Windsor, England, on the 21st of March. Of the Princess there is little to say, except that she is a pretty, accomplished, and sensible young woman, and at the time of her marriage had just passed her twenty-third birthday. Her Royal Highness, from childhood upward, has lived the quiet domestic life now happily characteristic of the royal family of England, and is known only for her sweetness of temper, kindly disposition, and amiability of manner. She carries to her new home the love and good wishes of all who know her. Her husband, the heir of the ancient house of Argyll and of all its honors, though not of so illustrious, is perhaps of equally long descent as herself, reaching back in authentic history, as it does, and setting aside traditions of still older date, to the thirteenth century, in the time of ALEXANDER III., King of Scotland. The real founder of the family greatness, however, was Sir COLIN CAMPBELL of Lochow, called "the Big," or Great, from which name arose the title of Macallum More (Mac-Colin-More), "son of the great COLIN," by which the chief of the CAMPBELLS is known to the clan. Leaving matters of remote descent, however, and dealing with the personal history of the Queen's youngest son-in-law, we may state that the Right Hon. JOHN GEORGE EDWARD HENRY DOUGLAS SUTHERLAND CAMPBELL, styled by courtesy Marquis of Lorne, was born at Stafford House, close to St. James's Palace, August 6, 1845. He is the eldest son and heir of the present Duke of Argyll, the Right Hon. GEORGE JOHN DOUGLAS CAMPBELL, eighth Duke, tenth or eleventh Marquis, and eighteenth Earl of Argyll (since 1457), Marquis of Lorne and Kintyre, Earl of Campbell and Cowall, Viscount of Lochow and Glenila, Baron Campbell by writ in 1445; Baron of Lorne, 1470; Baron of Inverary, Morven, Mull, and Tyree, all in the Peerage of Scotland; Baron Sundridge, of Coomb Bank, Kent, and Baron Hamilton, of Hambledon, Leicestershire, in the Peerage of England; hereditary Master of the Queen's Household; Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland; Admiral of the Western Isles; Keeper of Dunoon, Dunstaffnage, and Carrick Castles; heritable Lord Lieutenant and Sheriff of Argyleshire; thirty-second Knight of Lochow. The Marquis of Lorne, now in the twenty-sixth year of his age, has four younger brothers—ARCHIBALD, born in 1846, WALTER (now a resident of this city), GEORGE, and COLIN, the last born in 1853. He has seven sisters, the eldest of whom is wife to Earl PERCY, M.P., son and heir to the Duke of Northumberland. His mother, the Duchess of Argyll, was Lady ELIZABETH GEORGIANA SUTHERLAND LEVESON-GOWER, eldest daughter of the second Duke of Sutherland, and late Mistress of the Robes.

The Marquis was educated at Eton, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was elected Member of Parliament for the shire of Argyle in 1868, and has since acted as private secretary to the Duke, his father, in his office of Secretary of State for India. He has traveled extensively, and his book on the West Indies and the United States and Canada gives a very pleasant narrative of his journey, and shows him to be a liberal and intelligent observer.

FAIRS.

FAIRS were once very useful. When roads were bad and unsafe, when war was chronic and robbery perennial, when the plague hung out its black banner in most cities every score of years or so, it was no light motive that could tempt a trader to plod, with his strings of pack-horses, along tracks that a few days of wet weather would convert into quagmires. There were bridgeless rivers to be forded; there were tolls to be paid, here to a robber baron, there to my lord the abbot, and here again to the jealous corporation of a township. There was risk of dangerous floods, risk of pestilence, risk of drought and dearth, risk from the broken soldiers and banditti, whom every campaign left prowling like wolves about the country. To travel was at once most costly, laborious, and full of peril. A roving merchant had to feed a whole caravan of men, horses, and mules. And, even then, so slow a process was that of journeying that the Venetian or the Flemish trafficker might set off toward a distant market, and when he got to the end of his weary route might find the city in which he meant to trade beleaguered, or the road blocked by hostile armies, and would be thankful to escape, with much loss to goods and gear. Fairs, however, were in a manner sacred. Charters and patents and the good-will of all rulers, lay and clerical, smoothed the road for those who attended them, whether to buy or sell. The very outlaw, beyond the state's protecting pale at other times, had his safe-conduct at fair time, and could walk the streets unharmed.

A fair of the old sort rose in the Middle Ages to the dignity of a national benefit. Then, and only then, could the petty dealers of the burghs and the wealthier merchants of the cities replenish their stores with foreign goods—the very words, foreign and foreigner, by-the-way, being derived from those occasions, when the "forain" folk came with their wares to the foire or fair. Then, and only then, could the rustics of Yorkshire, or Westphalia, or Provence see spread before their eyes the glossy cloths of Flanders, the glistening silks brought from the Levant in Genoese galleys, furs of Muscovy, and spices from the far East, the dainty carpets of Ypres, and the unrivaled mirrors of Venice. Every large fair was incomparably more interesting to our forefathers than a great exhibition could possibly be to us. It was there that the cavalier bought his sword of Toledo steel, his plumed hat, and scarlet cloak of Spanish or of Lombard make. There, too, the boor could cheapen his Sheffield whittle or his Ghent wood-axe; and there careful housewives laid in their stock of napery and laces, and the wool and flax that were to keep the spinning-wheel busy through many a long winter's eve. The damsel waited eagerly for the fair, not only because gay ribbons and kirtles and trinkets would glitter in fifty booths, but because that was the annual opportunity of learning the fashions of the new apparel worn by grand ladies at the far-off royal court. Even the sufferer from toothache, or the invalid whom simples could not cure, longed for the fair, when traveling dentists and blood-letters and grave doctors of medicine, in furred robes, would come to minister in public to the ills that flesh is heir to.

What a fair was, the great gatherings of Nishni-Novgorod and Leipsic, and even the South of France fair of Beaucaire, though shorn of their glories, and paling fast before the competition of shops, survive to show us. There the crush, the clamor, the excitement, recall the occasional outbursts of energy that broke the dull, slow-thinking monotony of medieval existence. Under their acres of canvas and wooden booths are yet exchanged, wholesale and retail, the shawls and scarfs and gold and silver filigrees of Tangiers and Teheran, of Bokhara and Bagdad, for the cutlery of Sheffield, the fire-arms of Liege, the sables of Russia, and the frippery that Paris claims as essentially her own. There the bearded trader of Kiew or Archangel meets the turbaned merchant, whose camels have made the long journey from Khiva or from Kashgar. There the Seville cigar seller, in his silver-buttoned jacket and striped Moorish mantle, sets up his stall beside that at which a venerable Turk offers the amber beads and mouth-pieces, the embossed yataghans and gorgeous slippers, of Stamboul or of Broussa. An English commercial traveler, clean-shaven, and pert as a London sparrow, is selling Birmingham penknives and Leeds broadcloth in close proximity to a Polish Jew, whose gabardine is deeply incrusted with ancestral grease and dirt, and whose wares are sheep-skins and corn-brandy.

No doubt, at best, a fair, sanctioned by the charters of kings, and encouraged by the presence and the smiles of my lord the count and my lady the countess, to say nothing of the approval of bishop and prior, mayor and aldermen, was not an unmixed blessing to any town. Along with commerce and the arts came ill examples and evil teachings. It was not only the limner, ready to take children's portraits, or to paint a fair altar-piece for the village church; it was not only the mender of crockery, the leech, the smith, the traveling tailor, and the barber surgeon, who flocked to the fair. With these came the charlatan, the cut-purse, the gambler with his loaded dice and marked cards, the crop-eared passer-off of base coin, and the scowling bully, with a shirt of mail beneath his doublet. Along with the juggler, whose simple feats in sword-swallowing and ball-tossing made the villagers gape in rustic wonder; on the heels of the strolling players, whose performance in a barn made the link between the times of Thespis and those of Shakspeare—came much worse speculators on the credulity and passions of their audience. All the cunning and fraud of middle-aged Christendom came to a fair as to a spoil; and rely on it, that it went hard sometimes with a "young man from the country," among the accomplished practitioners, who had learned their wickedness in London, and Milan, and rich Rome, and brawling Paris. Presently the glaring faults of these worn-out institutions came to outweigh their merits; and so we gradually get round to the time when fairs are presented as nuisances at Quarter Sessions, and are put down piecemeal as scandalous anachronisms no longer to be tolerated.

TWO NIGHTS IN VENICE.

ONCE upon a time I was startled from a deep sleep by the shrill whistle of a locomotive; it was some moments before I could gather my wandering senses, and remember that we were on the way from Milan to Venice.

How cramped I was, how wretchedly I felt! I had been sleeping four or five hours on the floor of the cars, with my head resting on the seat; my bonnet was all out of shape, my dress crushed and dusty, my bones aching; we had been traveling very fast, and I had undressed but twice in seven nights and days.

In a few moments after, the passengers were all astir. A little Frenchman near me, thinking perhaps that I might doze off again, said: "We are arriving, mademoiselle; it is just one o'clock." Suppressing a yawn, and gaining my feet with an effort, I gathered up my belongings, and joined my party on the other side of the car. I sat down by the open window, enjoying the cool breeze from the sea, and waited for—Venice.

It was midsummer and a lovely moonlight night; nothing could be seen on either side but water.

We glided along, just above the surface, on arches which support the railroad from the main-land to the "City of Islands," a distance of two miles and a half.

Slower and slower we went; chains rattled overhead, and the long train stopped suddenly.

"Omnibus! Omnibus!" was the next thing we heard. I looked up wonderingly into my companion's face; "Omnibus in Venice?" said I. He smiled and shook his head with a puzzled air, which said, "I suppose it must be so, but I do not understand it."

"This way," said our guide, and we stepped on to a long narrow platform surrounded by water; "this way, ladies; just step into Omnibus No. 2, please."

The mystery was solved; omnibuses glide on water as well as run on wheels. We pressed through the crowd, took our seats, and pushed off from the station. As we were rowed along by two stalwart Italians to the hotel, I had time to look about me and observe the arrangement of a Venetian omnibus. It was a low, flat-bottomed boat, in form somewhat resembling our Western flatboats. Three tiny windows on each side, with red curtains looped over them, admitted the light. Two cushioned seats ran the length of the boat, true omnibus fashion, and numerous small brass lamps swung from the ceiling. The motion of the boat was delightful; I felt very comfortable, and, leaning back, enjoyed the soft cushions, gazing out upon the moonlit waters.

It seemed almost as though we were pushing out to sea, as we rowed on and on over the broad, calm bosom of the Adriatic, our prow parting her silvery waters, leaving hundreds of little shining ripples in our wake. Presently a few lights gleamed forth, throwing long, quivering rays across the bay, our omnibus took a sudden turn, and we shot rapidly into a narrow lagoon, or canal, with high stone-fronted houses on either side. We were in Venice. A few moments more brought us to our resting-place. The gondolier sprang out on a stone step, ran a rope through an iron ring fastened into a post, and lifted us, one by one, into the hotel door. Regaining the boat, the handsome fellow was soon lost to sight.

On entering the Hôtel d'Amérique, we were informed, to our dismay, that there was not a single room to be had.

"I am very sorry indeed, ladies," said the pompous little landlord, in French, "*very* sorry; but my house is crowded. There are forty thousand strangers in the city, who have come to witness the fête to-morrow. We can not possibly accommodate you to-night. I am myself sleeping upon a table."

Alas! all our hopes of one good night's rest at an end. The landlord, fairly bowing us out of the house, called to a gondolier who was asleep in the bottom of his boat at the foot of the hotel steps, and bade him take us to the Hôtel d'Europe, where he thought we might possibly find room. We pushed off again, and this time in a still more delightful conveyance—an open gondola. As I sank down exhausted, I found myself half buried in cushions of softest down, the shape of the seats being such that one was almost compelled to assume a half-reclining position.

"After all," said I, gathering my cloak about me, "this is better than rattling away over horrid rough streets in a hack. I think I shall like Venice."

Soon the Hôtel d'Europe came in view—a noble edifice, fronting on the "Grand Canal."

"No room," was the answer.

I could not feel sorry, for I had never in my life enjoyed any thing more than I was enjoying that moonlight tour in Venice. We swept on through the "Grand Canal;" many of the palaces were illuminated in honor of the coming fête; loops of transparent colored balls were suspended from house to house over the lagoons; one large palace was a blaze of light, revealing distinctly the surrounding magnificence.

A gondola passed us with a single occupant, a gentleman of slender and graceful form, with a dark, curling mustache, humming to a guitar accompaniment a low, sweet melody, meditating, no doubt, a serenade to some fair daughter of Italia. Next a large gondola, finely carved, swept by us. It held a gay party of ladies and gentlemen in full ball costume, no doubt returning from the dance. A bright awning was stretched above their heads; in the centre of the boat stood a small table, with cakes and wine.

F—— and I looked at each other, to see, I suppose, whether we were really awake or only dreaming.

"Where are we?" she asked.

"In fairy-land, I think."

"But where shall we sleep?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

So we skimmed on, turning first into dark, narrow lagoons, then coming out into broader ones, brilliantly lighted; stopping at every hotel in the city, and also at several private houses.

Gaining nowhere admittance, we returned to the Hôtel d'Amérique. Here we insisted upon staying, telling the little landlord, whom we roused once more, that we were quite willing to lie on the floor or sit up for the rest of the night, if he would only allow us to come in.

This time the little man looked distressed; he felt sorry for us. We presented, no doubt, a very forlorn appearance. He bustled about, up stairs and down, some fifteen minutes, and finally informed us, with a graceful bow, that a young gentleman had given up his room, and that the young ladies would please follow him up to it. The young gentleman would be obliged to remain in the travelers' room until the next day, when he would find room for us all.

F—— and I followed the landlord up five flights of steps, and were ushered into a very small chamber. "This," he remarked, "is a blind room; it has no windows. To-morrow I promise you a better one;" and then, handing us some clean bed-linen, he left us. We arranged our bed and lay down, very thankful and very weary.

We slept long next morning, forgetting the fact that we occupied a "blind room." We waited for light. We had both of us awakened several times; but, hearing no sounds, had fallen asleep again. Venice is, night and day, the same—silent as the grave.

At last F——, feeling herself perfectly rested, sprang up and opened the side door of our little room. The bright Italian sun streamed in across the checkered marble floor. It was just midday!

We stared at each other, rather amazed. "Oh! if we have missed the fête!" I exclaimed; and we began hastily to make our toilets. This being quickly accomplished, we ventured timidly forth. Passing through spacious halls and down dingy white marble steps, we found ourselves in an elegantly furnished reception-room, surrounded by chattering groups of Italians, evidently awaiting dinner.

In a few moments the gong sounded, long and loud, and our gentlemen joined us, laughing not a little at our long nap. They had not rested so well, poor fellows, with a bare floor for a bed and a carpet sack for a pillow.

The dinner was served in usual European style, using twice the time and four times the number of plates necessary. Soon after taking my seat my eye was caught by two gentlemen, an Austrian officer and his newly arrived friend, both fine-looking men of middle age. Apparently unconscious of the attention they attracted, they continued throughout dinner conversing in such loud tones that all who understood German had the benefit of the *tête-à-tête* they seemed so heartily to enjoy. The frequent grimaces, patting of shoulders, and the look of infinite love often exchanged (such looks as only Germans bestow upon each other), entertained us not a little during the tedious two hours and a half we sat at dinner.

"Now comes the fête," said the officer to his friend, as we all arose from the table; "it begins I believe, at four; *allons donc*." He put his arm through that of his companion, and rapidly bore him away.

The noisy dining-saloon of the Hôtel d'Amérique was in a few moments hushed and empty. F—— and I retired to our room to equip ourselves for the fête, while our gentlemen hastened to engage a gondola.

In the course of half an hour we were winding slowly through innumerable small canals, silent and cool, the dark green waters as smooth as a mirror. When we passed near the walls I noticed the sea-moss waving gracefully beneath the surface.

Our venerable, patient-looking gondolier wore a thoughtful expression, and I too became reflective. Tales of fearful midnight assassinations flitted through my memory. We might perchance be gliding above the bleached and crumbling remains of some treacherously murdered victim lying mouldering since the early days of Venice.

I felt as if no one, after committing so heinous a crime, could have endured to remain in Venice—such holy peace and quiet ever reigning around, the gentle murmurings of the sea, the rippling waves breaking slowly against the moss-grown granite walls. Most soothing and delicious sounds to a peaceful mind; what sickening, agonizing thoughts, what feelings of bitter remorse, must these awaken in the breast of a murderer!

I was startled out of my reverie by hearing strains of delicious music, the sounds of splashing water, and the busy hum of many voices. In a few moments we glided into a large open space resembling a lake, swarming with gondolas. I turned from Venice past to Venice present. Hundreds of boats, laden with the beauty of the city, were shooting hither and thither through the clear blue waters. In the centre rose up against the sky, like a man-of-war among sloops, a large, brightly painted gondola, which held the Austrian band. Beautiful German airs rang out over the bay, enlivening the merry throng, and richly carved barges floated by us, rowed by boatmen in the most picturesque and fantastic costumes, the prettiest of which was the sailor's dress—loose white trowsers, bright red jacket, and a straw hat set jauntily on one side, ornamented with a broad blue ribbon.

All nations seemed to be here represented; French, German, Italian, Spanish, and English successively struck my ear; friend nodded gayly to friend; all wore smiling faces.

Oh, balmy Italian breezes! oh, rapturous, soul-stirring German melodies! how often since has the memory of your enchantments floated through my imagination!

As the sun was setting, gorgeously lighting up the shore, the gilded dome and high-shooting spires of the cathedral "Santa Maria," we formed a gay procession, headed by the Austrian band, the huge gondola being drawn by six small ones, each boat containing six oarsmen.

Round and round we swept, passing often, in our course, near the shore, which was one mass of human heads.

Finally we landed at the grand square in front of St. Mark's Church, with the superb old "Palace of the Doges" to the right, then proceeded toward the promenade, at the entrance of which stands that curious monument, the Winged Lion.

Gaining St. Mark's Place, the living tide moved to and fro, enjoying the moonlight and the sweet music until a late hour.

The crowd dispersed gradually, one by one. We, seeing that the fête was over, regained our gondola, partaking first of some refreshing ices in one of the many saloons which surround St. Mark's Place, then, with a sigh of regret that such a day was over, we too sought the quiet of our hotel.

POISONOUS FISHES.

AMONG the various dangers to which the crews of exploring and surveying expeditions are exposed, there are few against which it is more difficult to guard than against the risks to which sailors, who are always morbidly desirous of a change of diet, are exposed from eating fishes whose dietetic value is unknown. There is unfortunately no external characteristic by which an edible species can be distinguished from a poisonous one; and the difficulty of the subject is further increased by the fact that the same kind of fish often affords wholesome food at one period of the year, while at another season it is in the highest degree venomous.

The noxious properties of some fishes are supposed to be dependent on the nature of their food. Munier, in a letter to the well-known naturalist, Sonnerat, written nearly a century ago, states that in Bourbon and in Mauritius none of the genus scarus, or parrot-fishes, which in those islands are called by the popular names of vieille, or old wife, perroquet, etc., are eaten between December and the beginning of April, being regarded as unwholesome during that period, because they then eat large quantities of coral-polyps. This statement is in part confirmed by Commerson, who, regarding the cataubleue (*Scarus capitaneus*), says that it gnaws the coral, and is consequently looked upon as a suspicious article of diet, both in the Ile de France and in Bourbon. The natives of Bombay are said to reject another species of scarus (*S. harid*) for the same reason. Other forms of animal life, as the beautiful medusa or jelly-fish, known as the stephanomia, and the well-known Portuguese men-of-war, or physalia, when eaten by fishes, seem also to render the latter unfit for human food, probably on account of their acrid and irritating properties. Risso describes a Mediterranean fish, called courpata by the Nice fishermen, which can not safely be eaten at the periods during which it feeds on this medusa; and the sardine of the Antilles (*Harengula humoralis*) is so poisonous, after feeding on the physalia, as to occasion death in a few minutes. The common herring is sometimes very unwholesome, although perhaps scarcely poisonous, in consequence of its living on certain minute worms, which are occasionally so abundant in the North Sea as to give a red tint to the water. Notwithstanding the abominations greedily devoured by eels, these fishes may generally be eaten with impunity. There are, however, occasional instances in which they prove deleterious; and M. Virey, in describing a case in which a whole family were attacked with violent pains and diarrhea, a few hours after eating eels taken from a stagnant castle-ditch, near Orleans, refers to several similar accidents.

In many cases the poisonous properties of fish may be due to the food of which they partake, but this can not be the sole cause; for, while poisonous fishes are found in localities in which polyps, etc., do not abound, in certain islands surrounded by these zoophytes the fishes are safely edible. For the knowledge of a very important fact bearing on this subject we are indebted to Mr. Caird, a gentleman of high natural-history acquirements, long resident in Trinidad. In a private communication with which he has favored us, he tells us that the barracuda is, as a general rule, eaten with perfect immunity in Trinidad, while in the neighboring island of Grenada, and in most of the other parts of the West Indies, death, or lingering sickness for many years, has frequently occurred after eating this fish in its fresh state. Mr. Caird agrees with Dr. Hill, of Jamaica (who has published two essays, one on poisonous fishes, and one on fish poisons, in the Proceedings of the Scientific Association of Trinidad, for 1868), in the view that the barracuda is fit for food in Trinidad, in consequence of the absence of coral reefs in that island, while for the opposite reason it is poisonous in Grenada and elsewhere in the West Indies. Midway between Cuba, Hayti, and Jamaica lie extensive reefs and shoals of the Formigas (or Ants' Nests). They are several miles in extent, and are so shallow that they can only be navigated by moderate-sized vessels in a smooth sea. They closely resemble the fringing shore-reefs that have been so often described; presenting to the eye of the naturalist arborescent corals and huge brain-stones, among which are a profusion of sea-cucumbers, star-fish, sea-urchins, and sponges. "The Formigas constitute," says Dr. Hill, "a very warren or vivarium of all kinds of fishes." Those who have waded on these coral reefs are well aware of the pungent scent given out by the polyps which build there, and often experience their stinging influence when they come in contact with the exposed skin. It has been invariably found that all the fishes taken on the Formigas, and the barracudas especially, are always poisonous. "In this way," says Dr. Hill, "we may account for the general belief that the fishes are poisonous at one end of St. Christopher's, while they are harmless at the other."

In some countries it is a common habit to poison the water of a river with a stupefying drug, in order to catch the fish. Independently of the wasteful character of this procedure (for many more fish are destroyed than can be used for food), it becomes a question of much importance to ascertain whether the poison may be transmitted to man. The evidence on this point is conflicting, the result probably varying according to the nature of the drug employed. There is, however, no doubt that fishes that have been thus taken become dangerous, if not cooked and eaten at once. As an example of the occasional innocuousness of fishes thus captured, it may be mentioned that in M. de Castelman's "Voyage dans les parties centrales de l'Amér. du Sud" it is recorded that "a plentiful supply of fishes having been obtained on the great lake near the Rio Sarayacu in the missions of the Ucayale, by means of the poison residing in the stems of the barbasco or necklace-wood, these, after rapidly undergoing the destructive influences of the plant, were eaten without ill effect, and the natives even drank the waters of the lake with impunity."

The age and consequently the size of the fish are supposed in some species to influence their unwholesomeness, certain kinds of fishes being regarded as edible in their youth and poisonous in advanced life. In Havana there is a fish known to naturalists as the *Carana fallax* (or the bastard carangue), which is not allowed to be exposed for sale if it weighs more than a kilogram (which is equal to about two pounds three ounces). In the island of Trinidad it is believed that the becuna (*Sphyræna becuna*) may be eaten with safety when small, but becomes poisonous when it attains its full size; and Dr. Court, who practiced medicine there for some time, states that the same rule applies to all the fishes said to be poisonous. The natives of Hayti hold a similar opinion regarding a species of serranus, commonly called the grande gueule, and known by English sailors as the rock-fish. It may attain a length of nearly a yard, but when it approximates to this size it often proves poisonous.

The season of the year is supposed by some writers to have an effect in rendering certain fishes dangerous as food. In the Loyalty Islands, M. Jouan, the captain of a French frigate, has found that many species are dangerous, and even deadly, at some periods of the year, while at others they may be eaten with impunity. It is possible that "the season of the year" may only be another expression for "the food of fishes at certain times." In the Antilles many fishes, including the little nigger (*Serranus nigriculus*), are avoided during certain months of the year. While the process of spawning is going on it has been observed that certain fishes (probably including those just mentioned) become dangerous articles of food, the eggs and milt being especially virulent. The conger-eel, common on our shores, is said to occasion dysentery if it be eaten at this period. The spawn of the barbel, and to a less degree that of the pike and burbot, will occasionally, if eaten, induce great irritation; and if it be necessary to eat these fishes during the spawning period, the milt and roe should be carefully removed.

In those countries in which poisonous fishes abound, certain tests have long been in general use with the view of deciding whether any particular specimen may be safely brought to table. M. Poey, who is the author of a magnificent work on the "Natural History of Cuba," states that "the means of recognizing barracuda that are in a condition to produce mischief, is that the root of their teeth will be found of a blackened color; and that, wanting this mark, the fish may be eaten without fear; or," he adds, "if a silver spoon or coin, placed in the vessel in which the cooking is going on, is not blackened, the fish is equally safe." Dr. Hill, to a certain degree, confirms the efficacy of the tooth test. Seeing a fine-looking barracuda (strictly speaking, it is the becuna that both M. Poey and Dr. Hill mean) nearly three feet long, and apparently in fine condition, he examined the teeth, and, finding them faintly purple at the root, he remarked that the sale of the fish would doubtless lead to its sale, but that injurious consequences would most probably result to those who partook of it. His prediction proved correct; "and it happened next morning that complaint was common in Spanish Town that many had suffered the well-known sickness from eating poisonous barracuda."

Dr. Guyon, formerly sanitary inspector of troops at Martinique, refers the poisonous properties of this and other suspected fishes to an incipient decay in the flesh, not amounting to actual putrefaction; and M. Duméril, who has written one of the most elaborate essays on this subject, agrees with him. They support their opinion by the following facts:

1. The mackerel taken at St. Helena is poisonous if kept for a single night; while, if prepared on the same day on which it is caught, it is perfectly fit for food.

2. The inhabitants of the Antilles assert that the bonito should be dressed for the table as soon as it is taken from the water; and several cases are on record illustrating the danger of neglecting this precaution.

3. The Chinese will only eat the *Tetrodon ocellatus*, one of their best fishes, as soon as it is captured.

4. The instances of fish-poisoning occur almost solely where the temperature is high, and especially in the hottest period of the year, when decomposition is most rapid.

The blackening of a piece of silver placed in the vessel in which a poisonous fish is cooked supports this view, the change of color being due to the liberation of sulphureted hydrogen which accompanies decay of tissue.

There seems no conclusive evidence to prove that copper-bottomed ships, or metals in any form, have any connection with the dangerous properties of fishes, although mollusks (as oysters or mussels) may become poisonous in this way. Nor does there seem any better foundation for the belief that any fishes derive their baleful properties from feeding on the fruits of the manchineel, etc. Dr. Hill has, however, pointed out that fishes have sometimes become unwholesome from being covered over, in the baskets in which they are carried, with the leaves of poisonous shrubs.

LOSS OF LIFE IN WAR.

THE fearful losses of human life, incurred on both sides, in the conflict which has just been concluded in Europe, calls to reflection the number of men who have been sacrificed to the demon of destruction in the wars which have been waged from 1815 to 1864. In these wars 2,762,000 men have fallen; of whom 2,148,000 were Europeans, and 614,000 from other quarters of the globe; which gives an average of 43,800 per annum. These figures do not include those who have died from disease during the different campaigns. The Crimean war cost 508,600 men, thus divided: Russians, 256,000; Turks, 98,800; French, 107,000; English, 45,000; and Italians, 2,600. In the Caucasus, between 1829 and 1860, 330,000 men lost their lives. The Indian revolt reckons its 196,000 lives. The Russo-Turkish war, from 1820 to 1829, 193,000. The Polish insurrection in 1831, 190,000 men. The French campaigns in Africa, 146,000. The Hungarian insurrection, 142,000. The Italian war, 129,870; of whom 96,874 died in the field or from their wounds, and 33,000 from various diseases. The total number of lives lost in Europe, during the wars from 1792 to 1815, amounted to 5,530,000; which gives, for the twenty-three years, an average of 240,434 deaths per year. Our own recent struggle has left equally appalling results. From the last census of this State we get a slight idea of what the whole Union—North and South—must have lost in men. In 1860 the population of New York was 3,880,727; in 1865 it was 3,831,777. This great and prosperous State had lost during the war 48,950 persons.

ORIGIN OF THE ROSE.

THE rose has many fabulous origins. Some state it to have sprung from the blood of Venus. The Mohammedans say that the sweat of their prophet was the source from which it grew; while "the Ghebers believe that when Abraham, their great prophet, was thrown into the fire by order of Nimrod, the flame turned instantly into a bed of roses, upon which the child sweetly reposed." The Christian legend on the same subject is given by Sir John Mandeville. It is to the effect that a fair maiden of Bethlehem was slandered, and condemned to be burned; but when the fire began to burn around her she prayed to our Lord that, as she was not guilty of that sin, He would help her, and make her innocence manifest to men. Then was the fire quenched, and the burning brands became red rose-trees full of roses, while those that were not kindled became white rose-trees full of roses. "And theise weren the first roseres and roses, bothe white and red, that ever any man saughe." Roses have always figured largely in Christian tradition from the time when they were found in the tomb of the Blessed Virgin until the institution of the rosary by St. Dominic, in the thirteenth century—the beads on the rosaries now in use having been symbolized by red and white roses. Of their connection with the "Wars of the Roses" it is unnecessary to speak; but it may be mentioned that at Towton, in Yorkshire, where one of the most disastrous battles of that time was fought, there are groups of rose-bushes in the "bloody meadow," which are said to mark the graves of the slain; and local tradition states that these roses will only grow in that field, and that it is impossible to make them grow if removed thence. It is stated, however, that a gardener at Tadcaster has had one growing in his garden for four or five years; so that the latter part of this tradition is scarcely "founded on fact."